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PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 18 1953

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PUNCH

FEBRUARY
18
1953

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No. 5863

PUNCH OFFICE
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Bread Manufacturers
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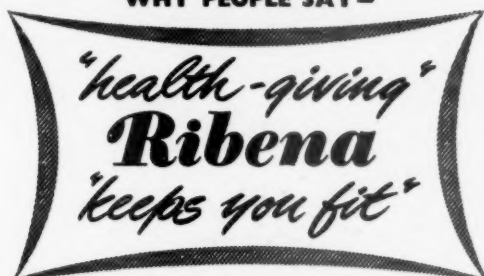
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[NCC 808M]

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BLACKCURRANT JUICE
fights fatigue

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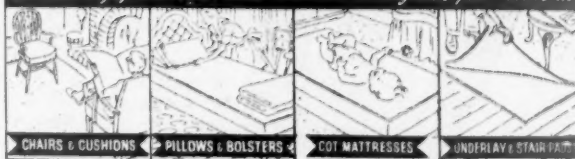


*You're missing
one of the best things
in life until you sleep
on a Dunlopillo
mattress!"*

"Buy Dunlopillo, madam, and you'll know comfort that's never yet been equalled. Just feel its resilience. Look! It gives *only where you press*. That means that however you lie you'll be correctly supported so that your rest will be more relaxed and more refreshing. As for Dunlopillo's economy . . . well, customers who bought the first Dunlopillo mattresses over 20 years ago tell me they've yet to notice the slightest loss of comfort. Another big point is that it *never* has to be turned."

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MATTRESSES

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Call at your furnisher, feel the wonderful DUNLOPILLO comfort, admire the new exclusive Coronation coverings, or write for leaflet today to:—

DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD. (DUNLOPILLO DIVISION), RICE LANE, WALTON, LIVERPOOL 9, OR 77 KINGS ROAD, CHELSEA, S.W.3.



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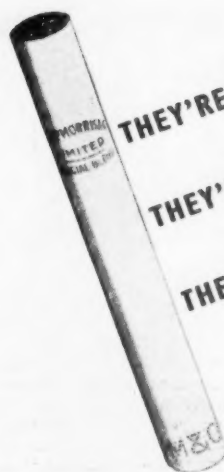
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to the late King George VI
Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd.

Scotch Whisky is the ideal drink for all occasions

WM. SANDERSON & SON LTD., QUALITY STREET, LEITH *London Office:* BATH HOUSE, PICCADILLY, W.1



THEY'RE different
THEY'RE delightful
THEY'RE PHILIP MORRIS!

Different? Yes, a Philip Morris is different. It is a cooler, cleaner smoke with a delightfully different flavour. Just try a packet—you may prefer them

Twenty for 3/9



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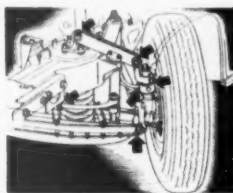


By Appointment to the late King George VI
Manufacturers of Land-Rovers
The Rover Company Ltd.

Rover worth goes deep

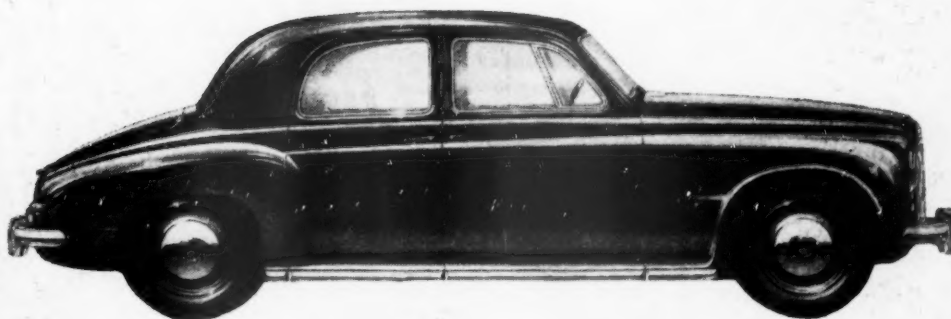
Appearances are sometimes misleading—but in the case of the Rover Seventy-Five they are the outward signs of inward worth. Every smallest part echoes the excellence of the whole—in finish and function. Its behaviour matches its looks, rewarding the owner with high performance, low upkeep and low depreciation.

Rubber bushes and sealed bearings replace grease-gun nipples on the Rover chassis, giving a clean, efficient self-lubricating system with little or no attention from the driver.

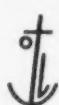


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Seventy Five

ONE OF BRITAIN'S FINE CARS



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THE IMPECCABLE WEATHERCOAT

It is cut full throughout. The collar sets naturally in position without pulling and tugging. Sleeves allow the arms to be raised without the coat riding up. Handsome lines. A man's coat, particularly the man who likes his comfort.



Prices from £13.13.0.

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There are other Wetherdair Weather Coats including fashion coats for ladies and school coats for children.

Prices from 95/-.

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SERVICE IS UNIQUE

"ATCO" are the only makers of motor mowers who maintain their own Service Branches strategically situated throughout the British Isles for the sole purpose of offering service facilities to owners wherever they may live.

This Service, naturally, commands facilities, experience and economies available only from the manufacturers, which explains the widespread goodwill enjoyed by both Atco Service and Atco Motor Mowers.

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ATCO WORKS, BIRMINGHAM

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There's deep satisfaction in a job well done, and CRAVEN TOBACCO will reward it with rare contentment. CRAVEN smokes cool—slow and fragrant—indoors or out. Try it today and discover the true pleasure of pipe smoking.

CHOOSE FROM THREE FINE BLENDS

Craven Mixture 4/7 oz.
Craven Empire de luxe Mixture 4/3 oz.
Craven Empire Curly Cut 4/4 oz.

FOR MEN WHO KNOW GOOD TOBACCOS





Three gentlemen with a secret

There's a special art about being a Briton. To do it well, you have to know how to live in these Islands and survive the cold, damp winter. Our three gentlemen have found the answer. They sport Braemar underwear.

The first gentleman hails from the City. He knows that Braemar, though expensive, is a sound investment. His tailor, incidentally, advises Braemar, as it fits neatly beneath his suits. The second gentleman has spent most of his life in warmer climates and wears Braemar to keep alive in winter. His doctor tells him that Braemar is the best thing for his joints. The third gentleman likes the flight of a bird and the rise of a trout. He has found that only Braemar underwear keeps him warm when the north

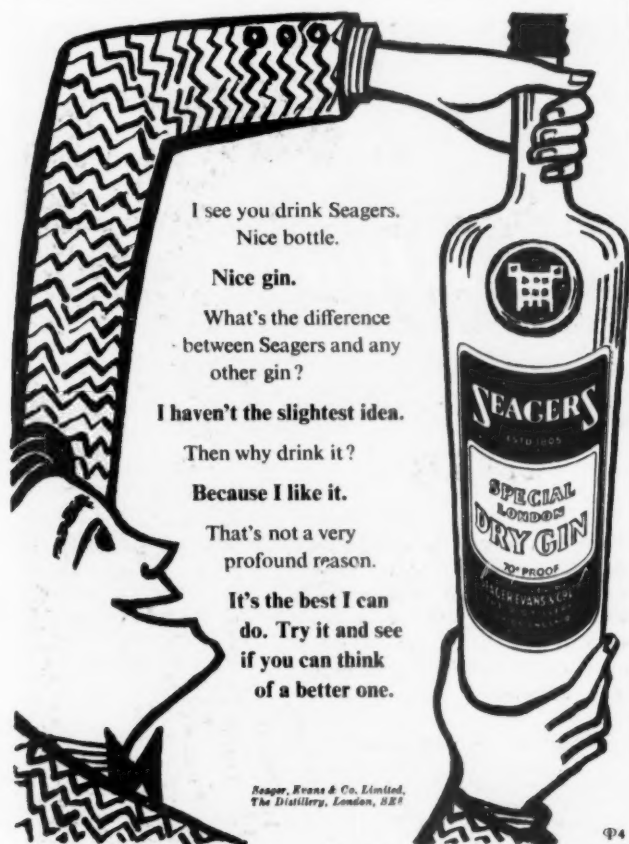
wind blows. Their strategic 2-ply reinforcement where it really counts means real comfort and long wear.

Braemars, underwear for men, all hand-finished and shrink resistant, are stocked by better outfitters, in pure wool, at prices from about £3.17.6 a set. The luxury garments, in pure wool, pure silk, or silk and wool, cost more but are a very sound investment in the long run.



Hand-finished underwear for men

BRAEMAR KNITWEAR LTD., HAWICK, SCOTLAND



I see you drink Seagers.
Nice bottle.

Nice gin.

What's the difference
between Seagers and any
other gin?

I haven't the slightest idea.

Then why drink it?

Because I like it.

That's not a very
profound reason.

It's the best I can
do. Try it and see
if you can think
of a better one.

Seager, Evans & Co. Limited,
The Distillers, London, E.C.1



WORLD'S LARGEST SHIP...

The 83,673 ton 'Queen Elizabeth', the world's largest passenger liner, is 1,031 ft. in length and accommodates 2,250 passengers and 1,296 crew. On board are miles of promenade decks, a cinema, two swimming pools and many other amenities to make life pleasant.

When the 'Queen' docks on either side of the Atlantic, passengers will find everywhere prominently displayed Cinzano, product of the World's Largest Producers of Vermouth—yet another important addition to the pleasures of life.

Cinzano has an extra quality and a finer flavour than ordinary vermouths. Consequently, people the world over drink more Cinzano than any other vermouth.

Try Cinzano yourself—on its own or with gin. You'll enjoy its delicious extra quality.



WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCERS OF VERMOUTH

CINZANO

RED (Italian Sweet) WHITE (Italian Sweet) 17/- bottle, 9/- ½-bottle
DRY (French) 18/- bottle, 9/6 ½-bottle

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THE BIG NAME ON
THE
large BOTTLE

TODAY, as 150 years ago, when Noilly Prat made 'French' famous throughout the world, this delightful vermouth is still made only in France, from French grapes by French master blenders; still matured for years in the wood, and bottled in the large bottle. Yes, this is the original dry vermouth that blends so well with gin, so robust that it makes a complete aperitif on its own, or with just a sliver of lemon peel squeezed and dropped into it. In Summer, ice and soda may be added. So remember:

SAY "Noilly Prat" AND
YOUR FRENCH WILL BE PERFECT

NOILLY PRAT

BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN THE LARGE BOTTLE IN FRANCE

SOLE IMPORTERS: WM. CHAS. ANDERSON & CO., LIME STREET LONDON, E.C.1.



The famous actress with a Queen Anne

DIANA WYNARD believes that drawing rooms should be practical as well as beautiful. "For instance," says Miss Wynyard, "table lighters are as essential as ashtrays..." Miss Wynyard's choice for the home is the Ronson Queen Anne model, a work of outstanding contemporary craftsmen and modern designers. Once filled it lights for months and

being a Ronson it really lights first time, every time. Have you ever thought of giving a Ronson Queen Anne table lighter—for a wedding, an anniversary, or for a very special birthday? 4 guineas.

RONSON for the Home
WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER — a fine gift

*Fadeless linens
in lovely colours . . .
cotton repps for
curtains and chairs*

Old Bleach

FURNISHING FABRICS

Send for samples of the colour ranges of
both fabrics, and the name of your
nearest dealer to (Department S.4)
Old Bleach Furnishings Ltd. Randalstown, N. Ireland

A letter from Brazil*

"WE were travelling up the river Jequitinhonha, in the State of Bahia, by canoe, to reach a famous *garimpo* (a camp of diamond panners), when the strap of my Rolex broke, and the watch disappeared into the flood. Search proved useless and I was obliged to continue, with a heavy heart. Two months later, I stopped for the night several miles below the point where I had lost my Rolex. That night, sitting round the fire, we began talking. Asked how things were going, an old *garimpero* said, 'Very badly, sir. Pedro dos Santos thought he'd found a large piece yesterday, but it was only a watch.'

"My heart stopped. I asked to see the find. Scornfully my dear Rolex was hurled at me across the fire. Pedro consented to sell it willingly, thinking that a watch that had been in the water was worth nothing, and with a broad grin at the idiocy of this foreigner he pocketed five 'milreis.' The laugh was on the other side of his face when a few minutes later I put it back on my wrist and set it going!"

This is an extract from a letter written to Rolex by a customer, Mr. Victor L. Bondi, now of Geneva. We think it speaks for itself. There are few hardships a Rolex watch cannot undergo; that delicate mechanism is so well made, so well protected by the Oyster case. This, anyway, is the true story of what happened to one Rolex Oyster.

You may say that *your* watch is never likely to be subjected to such rugged tests. All watches are subjected to tests; the hazards of day-to-day wear are slighter, but more insidious. But a watch such as this can always function perfectly, untouched by dust or dirt, water or perspiration. Isn't perfection what you ask for in a watch? Don't forget that the more junior member of the Rolex family, the Tudor, is also protected by the Oyster case.

★ Mr. Bondi's original letter can be inspected at the offices of the Rolex Watch Company, 18 Rue du Marché, Geneva, Switzerland.



"... we were travelling up the river Jequitinhonha, in the State of Bahia, by canoe, to reach a famous *garimpo*..."



Delicacy and strength are combined to perfection in the Rolex Oyster. Delicacy of movement, so that its accuracy is unquestioned; strength of construction, so that no dust or damp or water can penetrate that perfectly waterproof Oyster case and harm the movement.



ROLEX

A landmark in the history of time measurement

FREE COLOUR BROCHURE
OF ROLEX WATCHES

For the latest information on Rolex watches recently arrived in this country, write to the Rolex Watch Company, Limited, 1 Green St., Mayfair, London, W.1

THE ROLEX WATCH COMPANY LIMITED, (H. WILSDORF, GOVERNING DIRECTOR),
1 GREEN STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1

TO WOMEN— about BANKING

We would not offer advice on the fine points of women's part in house-management—but it is in our province to suggest that house-keeping is made easier with a banking account.

Many women keep an additional "House Account" for housekeeping purposes alone. You may not need two bank accounts, but we do suggest you make full use of one; let National Provincial Bank look after your financial records and leave more of your time free for those things with which we cannot help.

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK LIMITED

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Rich and Luscious with the outstanding quality and flavour that only AGE, EXPERT SELECTION and BLENDING in JEREZ (Spain) can produce

JEREZ CREAM
CHOICEST
OLD OLOROSO **SHERRY**
SHIPPED ONLY BY:

WILSON & VALDESPINO (JEREZ SPAIN)

OBTAINABLE from ALL LEADING WINE MERCHANTS

**Fly away on
holiday by KLM**

IT'S A HOLIDAY ALL THE WAY

KLM's fast Convairliners bring the pleasures of the Continent to within a few hours of your door. With two stewardesses aboard each 300 m.p.h. aircraft, frequent schedules... and friendly helpful service, you will find the KLM way of travel something quite special — your whole trip will be a holiday all the way.

Get a free copy of "Highways to Holidays Abroad" from your Travel Agent or from KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, 202/4 Sloane Street, SW1 and at Birmingham, Manchester, Glasgow, Bristol and Dublin.

KLM
ROYAL DUTCH
AIRLINES



Each great and gay occasion calls forth its own Traditions and helps to perpetuate them. And, just as the spirit of Napoleon spread its magic over every European scene, so the great Brandy associated with his name lives on to link the present with the past. For, in Courvoisier—Cognac's sublime achievement—there is a mellowness which both expresses the past and lends heart to the present.

COURVOISIER

COGNAC



*The Brandy
of
Napoleon*



SCALLOPS

—those deliciously edible molluscs—provided the badge of mediæval pilgrims, the decorative "scallop-shell of quiet" referred to by Sir Walter Raleigh. Epicures have for many years made pilgrimages to sea-food sanctuaries to sample their scallops au gratin.

Guinness Guide to Shellfish



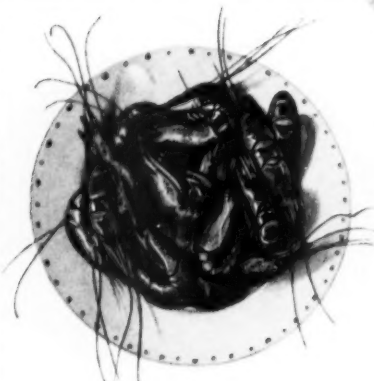
OYSTERS

and poverty, said Sam Weller, "always seem to go together." But what goes best with oysters is Guinness. As Calverley wrote, stout is "good with oysters, very". Colchester, Whitstables, or Helford, they all slip down more meltingly with sips of Guinness.



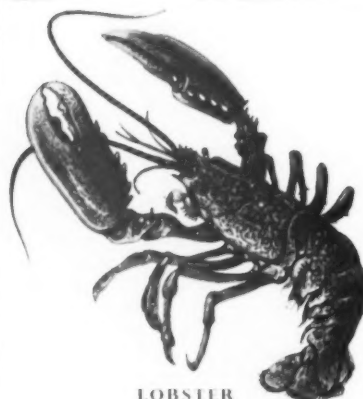
CRABS

are at their best from May to August. Curried, devilled, au gratin, or dressed, they are an excellent excuse for Guinness. To dress, mix crabmeat with oil and vinegar and serve in the large shell. Garnish with lemon, parsley and chopped hard-boiled egg.



SHRIMPS

make a delectable curry, and have an honoured place in hors d'œuvres and savouries. Try folding them in mayonnaise and stuffing green peppers with them. Shrimps and Guinness are as neighbourly victuals as you will find.



LOBSTER

is as inseparable from Guinness as duck from green peas. The mayonnaise you eat with lobster is named after a British defeat—the French capture of Port Mahon, Minorca, in 1756. But a British triumph soon followed: Guinness was first brewed in 1759.



COCKLES AND MUSSELS

Dublin's fair city is today more famous as the home of Guinness than for these delectable molluscs (to which Guinness is both complement and compliment). The best cockle in the world, many maintain, is the Stiffkey Blue, from the north coast of Norfolk.



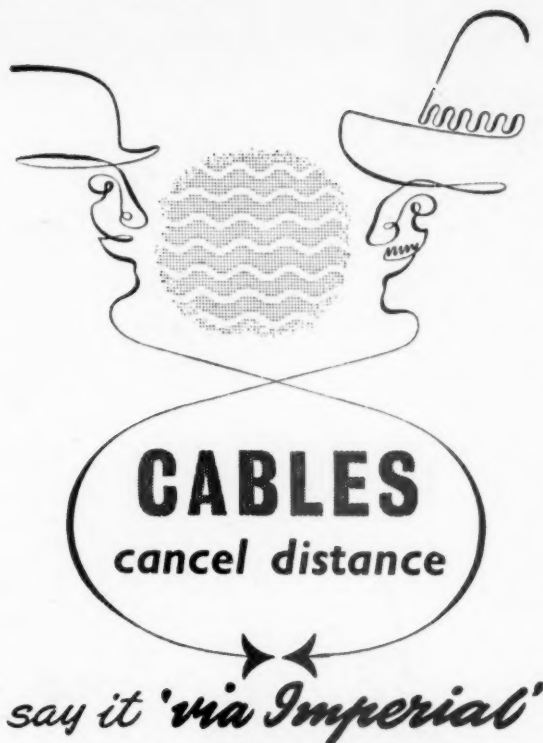
CRAWFISH

(or crayfish) are miniature fresh-water lobsters, with a thin shell and a subtle flavour. They are to be found, in a great many of our streams, hiding in holes and crevices—whence the French name *l'écrevisse*, of which crayfish is a corruption.



**-AND GUINNESS
IS GOOD FOR YOU**

A recipe leaflet, based on this page, may be obtained from Arthur Guinness, Son & Co. (Park Royal) Ltd., Advertising Dept., London, N.W. 10.



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**Everything
a Jack Plane can do
...but 10 TIMES FASTER**

Finger-screw cut adjustment. 4" cutters.
Up to 1/8" cut. No splintering on cross
and end grain. In carrying case **£38**

It pays for itself in a week!

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ELECTRIC HAND PLANE

Write for folder 21. BRITISH EQUIPMENT CO. LTD.,
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WORKING UNDER WATER

The world is submerged in a vast sea of water vapour and its effect on delicate processes and materials is often disastrous. To remove harmful moisture from vital production and storage departments and from gas or air services is the job of LECTRODRYERS*—and booklet No. 80 P tells how they do it.

* LECTRODRYERS dry most gases and some organic liquids by adsorption, without expendable or corrosive chemicals, wearing parts or fuss.

DRYER DIVISION OF
BIRLEC LTD



TYBURN ROAD · BIRMINGHAM 24



What about that half-holiday, Sir?

I must confess that the coming of BP Super to rejuvenate my horseless carriage has inspired me with a certain holiday spirit.

Did you ask the headmaster, Sir?

I fear that as a non-motorist he is unable, as you would put it, to care less.

Isn't that shortsighted of him, Sir?

We must be charitable towards those pedestrian minds who do not see what BP Super does for motorists.

What does BP Super do, Sir?

BP Super banishes pinking! One might almost say that this new superlative petrol is making motoring history!

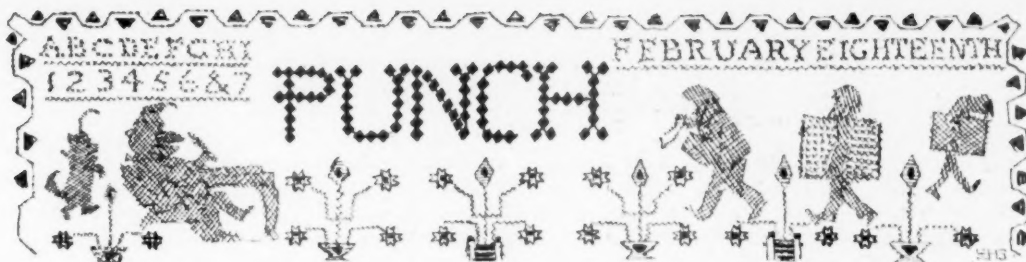
FILL HER UP WITH BP SUPER



is the trade-mark of

ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY LTD., whose world-wide resources are behind it.





CHARIVARIA

IN the world of moving pictures the battle of the dimensions is on, and films in mere height and breadth will soon be things of the past. Next year America will have them in depth. Britain will have them in time.

Readers of the *Sunday Express* may have been a little disappointed to learn that the next in its series of popular Page Two revelations will present the detailed table-talk of Adolf Hitler, as taken down by shorthand writers hidden in his dining-room. Old stuff, perhaps, but the idea is sound: only wants bringing up to date.



The revival of the culinary arts in this country has received another valued filip from the Coronation Menu Competition sponsored by the Hotel and Catering Institute and the British Travel and Holidays Association, in which competitors are invited to devise a menu, British in character and written in English, for a five-course dinner for twelve persons during Coronation week. Our entry begins: "Take ½ lb. best margarine . . ."

Statistical surveys by the United Nations Organization are usually notable for a stimulating piquancy, and a recent falling-off in standards is observed with regret. The disclosure that Britain has one omnibus to every six hundred and fifty-six inhabitants, for example, left London bus-queues unmoved.

In the ordinary way Fleet Street spares no pains to inform the public fully, and such devices as the arrow, the dotted line, the artist's impression and the well-known spot marked X are in valuable daily service. Sometimes, however, a near-reticence creeps in. The

short paragraph which recently announced, from an obscure corner, the conclusion of an embezzlement case whose central figure, a cashier, had sought to evade justice by telling a tale of armed robbery, had nothing about it to tempt the eye. Readers may have missed it altogether . . . even those who clearly remember the case's lively treatment on the front pages of several weeks ago, with photographic reconstructions of the hold-up that was never held, sketch-maps showing the escape-route of the car that never escaped and—an inspired touch—facsimile reproductions of the scribbled threat that the non-existent gunman never scribbled.

Householders who recently signed a petition for the reintroduction of corporal punishment later found that the young men who brought it round had burgled their houses. They say, nevertheless, that they would do the same again.



The proposal that German airmen should visit this country for training by officers of the Royal Air Force has aroused mistrust in some quarters. In others, however, it is felt that such an experiment could produce a fine new type of pilot, combining the best characteristics of both worlds.

When, owing to faulty ammunition, all four guns of an Honourable Artillery Company battery failed to fire during a 62-round salute, a full statement was at once submitted to the Colonel. He went off all right.

A member of a Japanese trade delegation visiting England for the first time for twenty-two years was surprised to find how little the old dump had changed.

STALIN PUTS ON A TARBOOSH

AS with so many other episodes in these strange post-war years, the blowing-up of the Soviet Legation in Tel-Aviv, and Moscow's consequent severing of diplomatic relations with Israel, produces the impression of being an echo or repeat performance of something which has gone before. It is as though, having been presented with a Wagnerian *Götterdämmerung*, the world is now to have inflicted upon it a Slav version of the same theme—slower, more sombre and laborious, but certainly no less ruinous in its potentialities. After Nietzsche, Dostoevsky; after the dark forests of the north, the forbidding twilight of arctic wastes; after Hitler, Stalin.

As far as the general direction of Soviet policy in the Middle East is concerned, it has long been apparent that a switch to the Arab side was in train. In Persia, in Iraq, in Egypt, a curious alliance has manifested itself between Communists and the most reactionary and obscurantist elements in Islam. Karl Marx himself, it is true, vehemently supported the cause of Turkey in the columns of an ultra-conservative New York newspaper. Even so, he would certainly have been surprised, as well as shocked, at the thought of present day professed Marxists finding allies in such characters as the Mufti of Jerusalem and the Mullah Kashani. As a baptized German Jew he had only contempt for Zionist aspirations, but he would scarcely have relished being associated with inveterate haters and persecutors of his race. This alliance between Moslem and Marxist fanaticism has been responsible for carrying both Dr. Moussadek and General Neguib into power. It is a sinister portent, and should be taken into account in estimating the value and durability of the lately announced Anglo-Egyptian Agreement on the Sudan. This Agreement, besides conferring upon the almost totally illiterate inhabitants of the Southern Sudan the dubious blessings of Parliamentary Democracy, presupposes that General Neguib will continue in power and that he will be willing and able to arrange for Egyptian participation in a Middle East Defence Pact under Anglo-American auspices—decidedly large presuppositions.

During the unhappy closing phase of the British Mandate in Palestine it suited the Soviet Government to lend support, both overt and covert, to the Zionist cause. Illegal immigrants found their way eased for them through the satellite countries; weapons and petrol could be procured behind the Iron Curtain—though characteristically only for hard currency paid on the nail. The U.S.S.R. was the first country to recognize the new State of Israel, and at the United Nations Israel could, to begin with, count on the support of the Soviet Bloc vote. Jews were even allowed (again at a fairly stiff price paid in hard currency) to leave the satellite countries and go as

immigrants to Israel. From the U.S.S.R. itself, however, where now there is, next to the United States, the largest Jewish population in the world, no immigration was permitted. None the less an Israeli Legation was instituted in Moscow. At the time of its opening a curious unrecorded episode took place. On their way to the synagogue members of the Legation were surrounded by Russian Jews in a highly emotional state. It was the nearest thing to a popular demonstration that has taken place in the streets of Moscow since the Revolution. Needless to say it was not allowed to recur, but it may have played some part in the subsequent adoption of anti-Zionism shading off into anti-Semitism as a specific policy. For what it showed was that after more than three decades of Soviet rule, Russian Jewry remained unassimilated.

It is ironical now to reflect that those in this country who opposed Zionist aspirations in Palestine based their objections on what they considered would be the revolutionary character of a Jewish state in the Middle East. They calculated, on the other hand, that Islam would prove an indomitably conservative force and a reliable ally. In the event, precisely the opposite has proved the case. The Muslim Brotherhood, Fadayan Islam, and other such bodies, have lately shown in the most unambiguous manner that they are determined to eradicate all Western, and particularly British, influence in the Middle East. Israel, as its rulers and populace well know, can only go on existing at all in so far as it continues to enjoy the economic and political support of the West.

By its attack on Zionism the Soviet Government has put its stooges in the West in a decidedly difficult situation. Particularly those who are Jewish themselves must find it heavy going to have to distinguish between anti-Zionism and anti-Semitism, and to have to reproduce the arguments of Ernest Bevin (so scorned at the time) regarding the undesirability of accommodating any more immigrants in Israel. This uneasiness is demonstrated by their obsession with the subject. They just cannot leave it alone, as, for instance, the columns of the *Daily Worker* attest. From the Kremlin's point of view such stooges are in any case expendable. They were left gasping by the Nazi-Soviet pact, and if they get over that, Stalin may reasonably calculate, they can be expected to get over anything. Incidentally, this shutting down of its Legation in Tel-Aviv will not deprive the Soviet Government of facilities for continuing to carry on activities in Israel. In recent years, through its control of the Russian Church, it has acquired effective control of several ecclesiastical properties in the Holy Land. Ancient monks and nuns, who once prayed for the salvation of the Tsar's soul, now find themselves praying for Stalin's, and have been joined by other religious from the U.S.S.R., who give an impression, despite their habits, of having other preoccupations than saying their offices.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE



ALLAH IS GREAT

Moscow reports the rupture of diplomatic relations with the State of Israel.

LOOKING BACK

LOOKING back now, I can see that it was a mistake. I should have known—

Wait a moment, though. I wonder whether that is the best way to begin this short family reminiscence? It has its points. It has a confidential ring, as though I were leaning back in my chair by the fire, talking almost to myself. It is as full of emotion recollected in tranquillity as an egg is full of meat. Also, it has an engaging air of modesty. "Of course," I am saying, "you know that I am going to give you a witty and brilliantly observed account of what happened when Uncle George took the wrong tickets to the Festival Hall. But don't take me too seriously: I am one of yourselves; to tell you the truth, sparkle as I may at times, I can make my mistakes like anyone else." And this, I think, is calculated to make you warm to me from the start. You cannot, you may very

well feel, stop listening to a story told by such a candid, likeable human sort of chap, a sort of miniature Priestley.

Also, it is, in its modest way, not without some of the qualities of salesmanship. Say what you like, it tempts you just a bit—does it not?—to read on. It lets just the ears and whiskers of the cat peep out of the bag, thereby stimulating in you a very human desire to see the back and tail. It is like one of those almost totally flash-backed films which start with a picture of a peaceful scene and a rather weary, wise-after-the-event voice saying "I remember the first time I saw —" wherever it was. You know, obviously, that the speaker has survived whatever happened; but you also know, from the very tone of his voice, that this survival was not by any means to be taken for granted, nor must the events be supposed to have left him unaffected. It holds

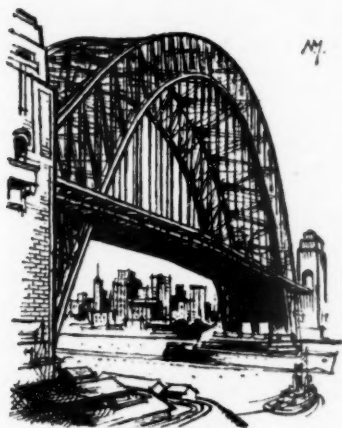
you, as the Ancient Mariner held the Wedding Guest, by the sheer desire to see what got him into this state.

So, as I say, there is quite a lot to be said for it. Against this, I cannot but feel that it lacks freshness. I think I remember discovering it as an opening gambit in my university days, and I am not at all sure that it is not, like so much else, a recurrent discovery at about that stage. Nor does it lack adult patrons, oh dear me, no. Even in the matter of syntax it has obvious dangers. If all the English teachers would stop telling their charges not to end with a preposition and start telling them not to begin with a participle—but there, there is no need to get steamed up. The thing is intolerably trite, and I can't think how I ever came to consider using it. Looking back now, indeed, I can see that it was a mistake.

P. M. HUBBARD



"I'd always understood skating was full of grace and beauty."



A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE

EVERY Monday during the summer, which lasts from November to March, the Sydney papers publish, usually on their front page, long reports of what has been happening on the beaches over the week-end. An Englishman, accustomed to the brief and tepid pleasures of bathing at home, might wonder what *could* happen on a beach to justify such interest. A glance, say, at the *Sydney Morning Herald* of January 5 this year would soon enlighten him.

1,400 STUNG IN SURF

Nearly 1,400 people were treated for bluebottle (a kind of jellyfish), Portuguese man-of-war and sea-lice stings at Sydney beaches yesterday. Other high-lights of a big surfing day were: A country scout visiting Sydney was nearly drowned at Narrabeen; Lifesavers at Maroubra found a youth unconscious in the surf; about 50 other people were rescued by lifesavers.

At the end of the report was added—quite as a matter of course—that “Sharks drove surfers from the sea at North Steyne, Deewhy and Queenscliff.”

In spite of these numerous and, one might think, alarming dangers a very large part of Sydney's population go to the beaches every week-end. (A surprising number manage to go on week-days as well, but that

is a delicate subject.) They know that if 1,400 were stung in the surf last Sunday, some 100,000—a conservative figure—were not. They know that if they are caught in a “rip” and carried out 400 yards into the Pacific Ocean, teams of strong young men will plunge into the waves and haul them out again. And while they have a healthy respect for sharks, which they regard with the same affectionate pride as Londoners regarded flying-bombs during the war, they know that on an average only one or two bathers are actually “taken”—the grim but fashionable term—each year. Even if these things were not true, nine out of ten would still go, for Australians are a hardy race and surfing is a passion not easily denied.

And who can blame them? To the north and south of the city stretch a sequence of beaches that have no parallel in the visible world. There the great Pacific rollers crash eternally on wide arcs of rough but golden sand. There even the humid heat of January and February is tempered by the north-east breeze which is nature's peculiar gift to Sydney. And there Australians, rich and poor, old and young, dressed in the ultimate democracy of the bathing-suit, can have for nothing

all the pleasures of Miami and Juan-les-Pins.

All these—and something more. For surfing, as the Australians practise it, is unique. It has a ritual, a technique and a language of its own. At Sydney, for instance, you do not bathe, you “surf.” You do not even swim, unless you are a very powerful swimmer indeed, for you are much too busy—the expert trying to catch the waves as they come in, the inexpert trying to dodge them or at least to escape annihilation underneath. For there are many grades in surfing. At the bottom—often literally so—are those who go no deeper than their knees and either jump over the waves or submit, with muffled shrieks of joy, to being knocked down by them. Further out are those who, if only the sea remained level, would be standing up to their waists in water. These know enough to duck under the waves and so avoid their enormous force. Beyond them again are the heroes and heroines of “the first wave,” who wait to catch the great rollers at the moment when they begin to crumble into foam. They tread water, watching with a critical eye for the tell-tale swell which marks a runnable wave or diving



“Suppose everybody decided to come in here and ask for a rise?”

neatly under the steep crest of the treacherous "dumper." (So called because it dumps its victims, generally upside-down, on the sand and rolls them up the beach like pebbles.) When the right wave heaves into sight, the cry goes up "All on!"; the swimmers race madly for the shore until they are picked up and carried far up the beach in one glorious, rushing surge.

All this frenzied activity and inextricable confusion—for naturally the various grades get somewhat mixed up in the process—takes place between two flags marking the "safe" part of the beach under the impassive gaze of the lifersavers. These young men, who are proud to give their services for nothing, sit all day on the sand looking for all the world like a pow-wow of Sioux chiefs deliberating on the fate of a pale-face. No sign of emotion and, it must be confessed, no gleam of intelligence disturbs their sun-burnt faces. Occasionally one will rise, and stalk majestically down to the sea to perform some incredible feat on a surf-board or, perhaps in a lighter moment, to fling his girlfriend into the air with a nonchalant half-nelson. In the centre of the sacred circle one of their number sits in a kind of umpire's chair, gazing moodily out to sea for sharks and bathers in distress. The recognized signal, for those who may be thinking of a holiday in Australia, is to raise one arm out of the water. To raise both arms is rightly regarded as displaying unnecessary fuss as well as wasting energy. If a shark is seen, a bell is rung, when all the surfers leave the water with marvellous speed. One of the Indian chiefs then paddles calmly out on a surf-board to drive the creature away. Ten minutes later everyone is in the water again with a general, if self-defeating, determination to keep at least one surfer between himself and the deep blue sea.

After this it is a comfort to discover that not all Australians are athletic and adventuresome. Indeed a surprising number never seem to enter the water at all but lie torpid on the beach acquiring a still deeper tan. (They also surf who only lie and wait.) Men, women and

children all worship the sun-god with equal passion and spend long hours at their devotions. Sometimes this cult is carried to surprising lengths, as in the case of the young

Westminster Abbey

£1,000,000 is needed for urgent major repairs to the structure and fabric of Westminster Abbey, and to restore the Abbey's finances and set them on a sound footing.

Those who would like to help maintain the ancient building in which the rite of Coronation will take place should send their contributions to the Dean of Westminster, Westminster Abbey, London, S.W.1. Cheques should be made out to The Westminster Abbey Appeal Fund.

mother recently seen asleep on the sand with her two infants tethered by long cords to her ankles. The effect on the sun-bathers' minds is a matter for frequent discussion in intellectual circles in Melbourne—where the weather is colder and the beaches more distant—and it would

be presumptuous for a stranger to pass judgment. The effect on their bodies is admirable. Even the fat and flabby are tolerable under a coat of mahogany, but any of the city beaches—Manly or Bondi—will produce a hundred splendidly muscled young men and superbly shaped girls with the figures of ballet dancers and the snub noses and homely faces of the London proletariat.

Rather surprisingly in an atmosphere of unashamedly sensual enjoyment, Anglo-Saxon puritanism raises its withered head. There are strict rules against dressing and undressing on the beach, and the fact that the unfortunate "New Australians"—that is, immigrants from Europe—do not know this is often regarded as final proof of their immorality. In fact almost all Australians go down to the beaches already wearing their bathing-suits. Beach inspectors frown on any undue exposure and occasionally a girl in a "Bikini" will be sent home.

Yet through the dazzle of sunshine and the surf's roar one sees the pale sands of Blackpool and hears the raucous shouts of young Rochdale at play.

DISAPPOINTING

WITH hard appraising eye the sun looked round
The rooms of his display,
And saw the undressed trees and shivering shapes
Of buds emergent from the ground,
In hoods and capes,
His fashion edicts anxious to obey,
But gave his view
That there must be no change;
Bud, bough, twig, garden, copse, must still endure
Their unpretentious re-investiture,
Nor any tint appear,
For this tremendous year,
Nor any textures new
Beyond the accustomed range.

Indignant murmurs loud
Broke from the waiting crowd
After this message strange;
Crocus and daffodil
Wept in the woods until,
Having so briefly shone,
The sun withdrew
Behind the shelter of an embroidered cloud
And bade the spring come on. EVOE



"Don't you think this three-dimensional business can go too far?"

CURRENT ACCOUNT

THE CHURCH ASSEMBLY

WITH the optimism of youth the Church Assembly holds its Spring Session in the early days of February, and with the exception of those members laid low by colds, influenza and fibrositis there is a full attendance. Unlike Convocation, which is part of the Constitution of the Realm and older than Parliament, the Church Assembly is a 1919 war-baby. To look at the two bodies you would never guess that except for the Assembly's House of Laity they were composed of the same people, only dressed differently. By which I mean that the House of Bishops in the Assembly consists of the two Upper Houses of the Convocations of Canterbury and York, and the House of Clergy is really the two Lower Houses. They don't look the same because whereas in Convocation the bishops are splendid in scarlet and lawn and the inferior clergy are in academic dress with all the colours of Redbrick University to outshine the M.A. hoods of Oxford and Cambridge, in the Church Assembly it is all subfusc come-as-you-are.

Even the legal gentlemen cease to be apparitors, actuaries and the like. Wigs and lawn have both gone and there is no longer an Ostiarius outside the door of the chamber. After the pomp and dignity of Convocation a session of the National Assembly of the Church of England—to give it its full title—suggests to the irreverent mind the atmosphere of a juvenile court with not even the policemen in uniform.

Yet clothes come into the picture a little, for the elected representatives of the clergy, about two-thirds, wear trousers while the non-elected element is gaitered.

The clerical members of the Assembly never forget that they are also Proctors in Convocation, so they keep a keen eye on themselves, for they never know when in their



Assembly character they may attempt to put over a fast one encroaching on the cherished prerogatives of Convocation. It infuriates them to hear the Assembly called the Parliament of the Church, because Convocation is the spiritual lawgiver, making and promulgating canons with the assent of the Crown and no voice allowed to Parliament.

All the same, the Church Assembly is definitely parliamentary in that some thirty years ago Parliament, with no time for Church affairs, handed over to the Assembly—largely William Temple's creation—power to initiate legislation and carry it through all the customary stages with nothing left to be done in Parliament but to pass a motion praying the Royal Assent. Parliament kept no power to amend a Measure of the Assembly but only to withhold its prayer to the Crown, as it did five-and-twenty years ago over the Revised Prayer Book. The echoes of that rejection still rumble round Church House, Westminster,

and are audible at times even at Lambeth.

As in Parliament, measures go through the stages corresponding to second and third reading and committee stage with another of Final Approval. Between the Assembly and Parliament stands the Ecclesiastical Committee of Lords and Commons appointed jointly by the Lord Chancellor and Mr. Speaker. They are watch-dogs to see that no constitutional right of H.M. subjects is infringed.

The visitor to the Church Assembly, sitting in his well-upholstered seat in the public gallery, finds himself in an extremely handsome rotunda—it is said to be the finest debating chamber in the



kingdom. He looks down on benches ranged on a close-carpeted floor in concentric circles, degrees of dignity radiating from the centre. The note of luxury is the first of several surprises—grey heads and bald pates he has taken for granted. He next notices an appliance before him which turns out to be his own individual loud-speaker and, alongside it, a device by which he may choose to listen in any of several languages. But, alas! that part of the arrangement is not working when the Assembly is sitting, so it is no use hoping that the unfamiliar lingo of liturgical experiment or even the intricacies of ecclesiastical finance expounded by Sir Richard Hopkins, chairman of the Central Board of Finance, will be magically rendered into plain English. The obviously expensive installation is, it seems, for the benefit of those international conferences which, from reading the papers, I had always imagined to be composed exclusively of polyglots. It is a relief to discover the secret, for everybody knows that linguistic ability too often goes with a moron-like mentality.

Another surprise is a "visual aid." Numerals in lights tell who is speaking—or, at least, they do if

you have the race-card handy and can run your eye down the list of the 732 members of the Assembly. But it can be a snare when speeches are snappy and the man who works the numbers cannot keep up. The Assembly is unique in being the only institution of free men in which number, not name, denotes the man. Don't ask me where they got the idea.

The Chairman of the Assembly, and if I may so put it, its most efficient managing director, is Dr. Geoffrey Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury. He combines the functions discharged in another place by Mr. Speaker, the Prime Minister and Leader of the House. Occasionally the former Headmaster of Repton pops out also, as on Tuesday when the House of Clergy was on the carpet. Meeting separately the day before, they had passed a resolution in favour of church collections being everywhere given on the First Sunday in Lent to the relief of flood victims. The Head quite understood how they had been moved by great emotion, but they ought not to have done it. The parochial clergy must *not* be told from the centre to what particular cause they should give their alms on a particular Sunday. Canon Whytehead, vicar of King's Lynn, who had been the ringleader, owned up manfully, and that was that.

No man commands more respect than Sir Philip Baker Wilbraham, First Estates Commissioner. (He has the floor in the picture at the top of the previous page.) Despite a reminder from the Rev. C. E. Douglas, the Assembly's principal "character," an adroit and constant intervener in debate, that all the money held by the Church Commissioners belongs solely to the clergy, Sir Philip had no difficulty in persuading the House to accord General Approval (corresponding to Second Reading) to a measure empowering the Commissioners to give grants for church building in new housing areas. In other words



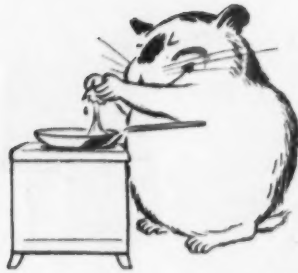
churches in the new towns will be paid for out of the pockets of the clergy. But then we are all used to superior people in Whitehall knowing how our money should be spent.

On Wednesday, Lord Selborne disconcerted the laity by opposing a project to join them with the clergy in Convocation. He said it might do a great deal of harm. Mr. George Goyder, who had introduced the subject, and later carried his point as far as getting a committee appointed, naively declared in winding up that he was quite certain that if Lord Selborne had heard the earlier speeches he would have been completely converted. Lord Selborne remained impassive and not apparently impressed.

The laity have been to the fore this session. Without any help from the clergy they defended the system of Proportional Representation by which all elections to the Assembly are conducted. They were angered by a threat to abolish it by a committee which argued that nobody understood it. "What could be easier," asked Lord Selborne, "than marking your selection 1, 2, 3, 4, and so on? I have to do it every time I am on a race-course." It was obvious that the principle was one to which the British people are fully accustomed. Mr. F. D. Campbell Allen explained that P. R. did not suit the House of Commons because they sat in a rectangular house, with a party line dividing them, whereas the Assembly sat round cosily in circles wherein there was no Government to be thrown out. EZRA



UNCHANGING WORLD



WHEN Raffles and Bunny had burgled the wrong house, you remember, they had to escape on fast bicycles, chased by a baying pack of schoolboys. Gaining the end of the drive with a slight lead, Bunny turned left into the main road instead of right . . . and they found themselves *climbing* a steep hill. A terrible, a heart-stopping moment . . . and no turning back . . .

I mention this because I had much the same experience on Sunday afternoon, except that I was on foot, alone, innocent of felonious intent, and standing in the booking hall of King's Cross station. And it wasn't the wrong house, exactly: just the wrong window.

"Coppers, please, could you possibly?" I panted, putting a threepenny-piece on the little counter. I was a fool, of course; I should have waited to see the man's face. But panic, if the truth be told, gripped me, and he was turned away, engaged on clerical duties which looked like taking some time. They took some time as it was, even after I'd spoken. But at last he turned . . . and I knew Bunny's exact feelings as the cruel gradient resisted his pedals. The face was that of a man in whom the milk of human kindness had been curdled since about 1922. He looked at the threepenny-piece, then at me.

"Where to?" he said.

There is a time for the biting riposte, but this was not it. There was too much at stake. I had ten

minutes, and the seconds were pounding past. I said nothing for a moment, but glanced quickly left and right at the other windows. There were queues at all of them.

"Three pennies, could you?" I said, with a wavy, ingratiating inflexion. "For an urgent telephone call?"

"What do you mean by urgent?" said the man.

"Well, it's urgent," I said. "I must have some coppers. It's a—"

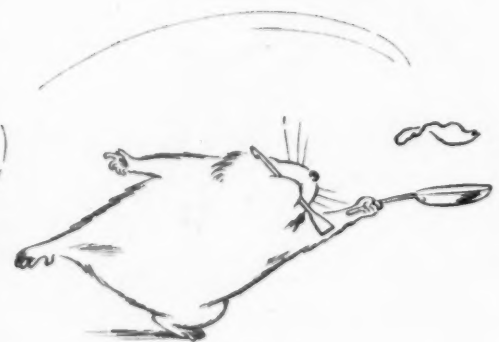
"Sorry, no coppers." He began to speak as I uttered the ill-chosen word must, and turned away.

"Oh, but look here." I pressed my nose against his bit of glass. "Please. I've simply got to—"

He did not move, but spoke to a wall of tickets. "Banks," he said. "Coppers, tanners, bobs. Bobs, coppers, tanners. What do they think we are, banks?"

I assured him that I didn't think he was a bank. I didn't even tell him what I did think he was—only what I hoped he might be, a good Samaritan, a friend in need, a sport. He said nothing, just stood there in his shirt-sleeves, the belt at the back of his waistcoat unfastened and hanging down.

I laid my face on the little counter and said, in a voice husky with emotion, "It's my sister." I hadn't wanted to bore him with details, but there seemed nothing else for it. Besides, what can be more sacred, between Englishmen, than a man's sister?



It worked. He came back.
 "What's the matter with her?"
 "Well, it's not so much—"
 "Seriously ill, is she?"
 "Well, no. I mean, I hope not.
 But she's—"
 "Not life and death, you
 wouldn't say?" He looked at his
 till, and shut it with a slight bang.
 "She's on a train to Doncaster."
 "Look—" he began.
 "But she wants to get to
 Worksop."

"It doesn't go to Worksop."
 "That's just it," I said, vaguely
 encouraged. "There's a taxi meeting
 her at Retford, and I've—"

"It doesn't go to Retford."
 "I know it doesn't, but she
 thought it did when she ordered the
 taxi, because some foo—because a
 railway official told her that—"

I wiped my breath off the glass
 and saw that the man had turned
 away again.

"Don't you see," I said, shout-
 ing through the hole—"I've got to
 ring up Worksop and get the taxi
 to go to Doncaster instead of
 Retford. Otherwise she'll be stuck
 there. On a wet Sunday night. At
 Doncaster." The man appeared not
 to hear. I raised my voice another
 notch. "She's got a lot of luggage,"
 I bawled. "She's not strong. I
 promised. She's relying on me.
 That's what I want the change
 for."

He came back again, picked up
 the threepenny-piece, looked at the
 date, put it down again, cleared one
 or two items of official equipment
 out of the way and leaned with his
 elbows on the counter. His air was
 that of a man about to reason with
 a harmless lunatic.

"It's every Sunday the same,
 see?" he said. "Think we're banks.
 Then they get worked up, nasty.
 Shout and carry on. No control,
 they haven't." He suddenly spread
 his hands. "Suppose I be'aved that
 way, slightest bit of an upset, eh?"
 "Yes, yes," I said. "I see, I
 really do. But the—"

He raised a hand for silence.
 "King's Cross," he said ruminatively.
 "Big London railway terminus.
 Snack-bars going, kee-osks open,
 folks on all sides jingling with
 change. But no. It's always us in
 the blasted booking hall. Coppers,
 bobs, tanners. Anyone'd think—"

"Please," I said. "Please don't
 think I didn't try all that. I asked
 six men on a seat, and they none of
 them had anything between half a
 crown and a halfpenny. There were
 two porters with a florin each, and a
 driver going off duty with a two-
 penny stamp. I asked three ticket-
 collectors, two greasers and a man
 with Information written on his hat.
 I waited at the kiosk while the lady
 served chocolates to six customers,
 and when it was my turn she gave
 me my threepenny-piece back and
 sent me on to you. On the way I
 tackled two outside porters, and
 stopped at the refreshment room
 long enough to count a queue of
 forty-seven. Does that look as if I
 haven't tried? Can you honestly
 say—?"

The man slapped the counter.
 "Stop it," he said. He glanced at
 the clock. "Six-eleven now," he said.
 "And she won't be in Doncaster till
 nine-thirteen. Hours, you've got.
 London's a big place. You'll find
 someone with threepence before
 then."



"What's so special about to-day?"

I suppose I screamed. Somehow
 I stopped him turning away. I don't
 know what I said. But I remember
 appealing to his sense of pity, men-
 tioning his children and his old
 mother, speaking of fair play, the
 future of mankind, Grace Darling,
 the Battle of Britain, the Boy Scout
 movement, the United Nations, and
 anything noble and true and good
 that might strike a warm spark from
 the flint that was his heart. And in
 between, in my lucid moments, I
 explained that the Worksop taxi-
 man was in a small way of business,
 with no telephone, and that I had
 to ring up an obliging lady three
 doors away who would take a
 message—only she always left home
 promptly at six-twenty to play the
 organ at the Congregational chapel.

Perhaps he was a religious man,
 I don't know. Or he may simply
 have been swayed by my brilliant
 advocacy. But when I stopped he
 gave me a long, searching look,
 picked up the threepenny-piece, and
 took three pennies out of his till.
 He gave me two of them and kept
 the other in his hand for a moment.

"I was just thinking," he said,
 as he handed it over at last. "How
 are you off for silver? After all, you
 don't want no coppers for a trunk
 call. Just dial 'O.'"

J. B. BOOTHROYD



Snip for the Miniaturist

"To Let. Studio 14½" x 22" in
 Hampstead."

Advt. in Art News & Review

PILOT OF THE POOLS

IX

AND now, my lords, for some little bits of our betting laws and arrangements which will make you laugh a lot. In earlier lectures, we have, as the Civil Servants say, not sought to minimize the discouraging features of football pool betting. But cheer up, my lords. With certain enterprising persons you may now win wealth from football by way of "fixed odds" (which was the original system)—60-1 for Three Draws, 66-1 for Four Aways, £2,000 to 3d. for 14 results, and fabulous odds if you predict correctly the final scores in two or three matches (you try that, bishop—it's quite difficult). In this way you cut out the harassing uncertainties of the Pools; you know exactly what you will win: though you will have no big surprises and are even less likely to win £75,000. What is more, you will avoid taxation, always a pleasant thing to do. For, though a special tax is levied upon football pool betting, credit-betting on football is as free of tax as credit-betting on horses or dogs. One of the big Pool concerns is now bowling from

both ends, as it were. They will send you by the same post, bless them (1) a little *brown* envelope with all the football matches set out for Pool purposes, and (2) a little *blue* envelope with exactly the same matches arranged in various "lists" for wagers at "fixed odds." Each, for example, has a dear little "Family Four," being four contests generally selected for their disgusting unpredictability (what a word!). If you invest in both "Family Fours," the two envelopes will go to the same great building in the North: but from the shilling in (1) (and all the other bishops' shillings) 30 per cent will be deducted by way of tax: the shilling in (2) goes free. Is not this a little laughable? In (2), by the way, you are offered odds of 35-1: in (1), as a rule, you will not win so much (the tax, perhaps): but there is always the outside chance that you may win *much more*.

Now, here, my lords, is another big laugh. Messrs. Z do football-betting at fixed odds only. They have a large office in London, and another, it is said, in Scotland. If

you send them (as we do, now and then) a bet in London you must not send the money with it—that would be "ready money" betting, which (off the course) is illegal. You may send it next week, for then it will be credit-betting, which is all right.

(As we remarked long ago, the moral principle behind this distinction is hard to discover. For a man who bets with ready money is at least betting with money he has got, but a man who bets on credit may not have it when the time comes to pay and may be driven to steal to get it. But let that pass.)

Now, exactly the same law (the Betting Act 1853) applies to Bonnie Scotland. But, for reasons to which we shall return, it does not, to put it mildly, carry the same weight in those far parts. Our friend and neighbour, Mr. Blanket, like many other Londoners, sends his money, with his bet, to the Scottish office of Messrs. Z every week. This suits Messrs. Z very well, for it means that they are sure of getting Mr. Blanket's money: but you and we, my lord, may, for all they know,



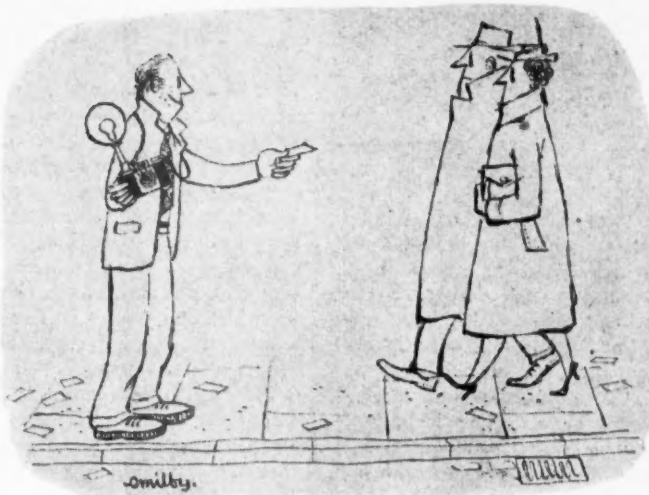
default next week. (The volume of default, we gather, is what the lawyers call "appreciable"—in other words, it is pretty jolly awful.) But let us pause and see where we are: (1) We are lawfully doing credit-betting with Messrs. Z in London, (2) Mr. Blanket believes that he is lawfully doing cash-betting with Messrs. Z in Scotland, though this, by the same Act of Parliament, is not lawful in England. Mr. Blanket has even laughed at us for sticking to our queer old-fashioned ways. But now, my lords, hear what happens, in fact, according to our latest information.

Mr. Blanket's bet on the "Obvious Eight," with its humble shilling, is carried to Bonnie Scotland by train. But it is not then hurried for treatment to Messrs. Z's great Scottish office; for Messrs. Z have no great Scottish office, though they have a small one. The sack of wagers containing Mr. Blanket's is now transferred to an aircraft and conveyed back to London, where it is handled, like yours and ours, my lords, at Messrs. Z's great office. Mr. Blanket's little ready money bet is deemed to have acquired legality by its brief visit to Scotland—as port wine still, we believe, acquires merit from a journey to Newfoundland—and all is well. This, we think, is about the funniest thing that happens in this island; and it happens, they say, every week.

Now, my lords, we should not tell you this tale if we thought that we were letting out a secret, and might get someone into trouble. We have no feeling against Messrs. Z: indeed, we will applaud any man who makes an effective mock of the imbecile laws that govern, or fail to govern, this area of life. But we have no shame in mentioning their ingenious activities: for the fact is that Authority has known all about it for at least twenty years! Consider, my lords, these delightful extracts from the First Report of the Royal Commission on Lotteries and Betting, 1932-33:

119. It is illegal to receive money in advance in respect of bets and it is therefore illegal to carry on a postal betting business in which money is paid in advance . . .

120. In Scotland . . . a very large



volume of ready money postal betting is carried on with customers in all parts of Great Britain. Advertisements appear regularly in the sporting papers, inviting "letters" (which are contrasted with credit betting) to be sent to the addresses of bookmakers in Scotland.

The evidence showed that the large office bookmakers in Edinburgh are regularly raided by the police about once a year; that on the occasion of such raids a large volume of ready money postal betting is always found, the business of certain firms being divided into separate departments for ready money and credit business; that fines of as much as £100 are regularly imposed; but that ready money postal betting continues to be conducted on a very large scale, special vans having to be provided by the postal authorities to deliver the post to some of the larger office bookmakers.

But, my lords, this is our favourite paragraph:

121. It seems to be believed in many quarters that ready money betting by post is legal in Scotland, although illegal in England; but there is no foundation in law for this impression.

The only explanation of it which we can offer is that the provisions of the Betting Act, 1853 (under which ready money postal betting is illegal), were not made applicable to Scotland until 1874 by the Betting Act of that year. It seems possible that owing to the difference between the laws of the two countries during the period from 1853 until 1874, ready money postal betting became firmly rooted in Scotland in these years, and was never subsequently eradicated.

Mark this sweet passage too, my lords:

It may also be noted that the High Court of Judiciary held in 1910 that the police had no power to open closed packets found in a bookmaker's office in the course of a search under warrant.

English bookmakers took advantage of this and had receiving addresses in Scotland at which individual bets were received by post, for transmission in bulk to England. In 1925, however, the High Court reversed their previous findings and allowed the police to open closed packets.

Yet twenty-seven years later—twenty years after the Royal Commission reports these things—all, it seems, goes on as before. Bravo, Scotland, defying tenaciously a ridiculous English law! Is it not a wonderful story, my lords? We can understand a chap sending illegal bets to Scotland for a minute or two to get them, so to speak, a lawful garb—or underclothing. That would be "a legal fiction," beloved of our race. But here, it seems, is just an illegal fiction. Never mind, my lords. Twenty years after that Royal Commission's Final Report the Home Secretary tells us that Parliament has no time to deal with these affairs. Why should we worry?

Just one thing, though. Talking about that aircraft, we said: But isn't all this very expensive? Is it worth it? "Yes," said our informant (he was a bookmaker). "You have no notion how much defaulting there is in the credit business." This shocked us, we confess. The Briton may not always respect his obligations to the Inland Revenue; but he did, we thought, nearly always honour his "debts of honour."

A. P. H.



It has been raining cats and dogs. Don't we, living or working in London, take too many things, too many people for granted? I found myself the other day sidling Vincent Square, that green acreage where they still play football, and more than one game of football, with the glum terraces looking on; and I might have been taking a short cut from Victoria to Westminster, or aiming to get into the Victoria Street shops by the back way. In fact I was making for an entrance on the other side of the square.

The door opened, I stepped into the presence of two hundred cats. Not, of course, thronging: a crowd of cats is no more thinkable than a crowd of cat-burglars or cuckoos. These were on show, each situated in a wire compartment, and the compartments set side by side to form rows or streets along which humanity shuffled.

As I had never been to a cat show before—this was the Southern Counties Championship All Breed Show at the Royal Horticultural Hall—it took me some little time to get used to the arrangements. Simply to walk round wasn't at all easy. Everyone seemed to be up to something. Bottles and hot-water bottles were being fetched to and fro; hands dived into cages to readjust blankets; tough-looking exhibitors were swapping information, prices, and gossip ("Yes, Miss Horroway-Jones, we know *you* bred them, but who was the father?"); an old gentleman with his walking-stick rattled along the wire roofs to make 'em look up, showing mild eyes of topaz or beryl; there were visitors with notebooks and a few waiting with pussy faces or noises for a cat to talk to; and from time to time white-coated judges, of whom there seemed to be legions, would pounce, seize an animal, weigh it up and smack it down, pull its tail, and explore it unmercifully, though

CAT AND DOG

at arms' length. On the fringe sat a little quiet man smoking a pipe and offering for sale the *Tailwagger*; and boxes rattled for kind causes.

The objects of these attentions were incomparably at ease. They sat or coiled, basked, blinked, and snoozed, in a silence, a contemplation that was absolute. And what beauties! White Manx, tortoiseshell, marmalade (the only marmalade), Siamese mushroom-brown and smoke-blue, chocolate-box huggables, big orange-eyed madams in furs, quick-stepping Abyssinians, chinchilla, Burmese. I don't know which I admired most: perhaps the Abyssinians and the Burmese—they burn bright.

For a couple of days I couldn't wriggle out of their influence (do the élite of the Southern Counties also adorn fences and gaze out from the forests of the night under stationary vans?); and then came Cruft's. This name with the shaggy-waggy or skinny-winny appeal rises up every year to summon our bulldog breed. What, not been to Cruft's? That had indeed been my lamentable state till the other afternoon, when I called in at Olympia.

Let's suppose (absurdly, of course) that you've never seen Cruft's. For the occasion all Olympia has been set out with rings in which the various classes are being judged. Each ring, as a matter of fact, is a square surrounded by seats. There you may settle, enjoying the terrier trot and sharing the flutter of the exhibitor who, brush in hand, will add the final touch to his dog's moustache, make his tail curve higher. Judging is meticulous; and after a while you may tire of seeing how master and dog should go for a run. So you exchange Norwich terriers for Afghan wolfhounds—quite another story. Or stroll between the rings to a periphery where, in clumps, all those dogs not immediately under a judge's eye wait their turn in cubicles. Among Basenjis and Salukis, bloodhounds, deerhounds, and elkhounds, Rhodesian Ridgebacks and Finnish Spitz, you may



well get carried away into a region from which there is no return. The grave welcome from some is no less compelling than the nerves, the operative nerves, of others.

However, tear yourself away in the end you must, if only to do the balcony, which has its own charm of toy dogs and a view over the whole concourse. Here, as on some exotic sea-front, you encounter silks and scents and poms, furs leading furs, Papillons wistful and pretty in a ring. Don't miss, side by side in pagodas, the twin Pekes! Mind that Chihuahua! And should this promenade prove a little too dainty, there's always the balcony rail to lean on, and the crowds, the rings, the baying and stewarding below.

Dogs! What—one may wonder, before this amazing disparity—is a dog? The gnat Chihuahua and the bloodhound of melancholic aspect, seem hardly to speak the same language. Yet theirs is a world in common, struggling with success and failure, big business or little, sport, leisure, ideals. They look up, having an ancestry, a past, to live down. They verge upon tragedy. Dog is underdog. Who can meet his eye—that alert eye of sentiment—without gushing or domineering?

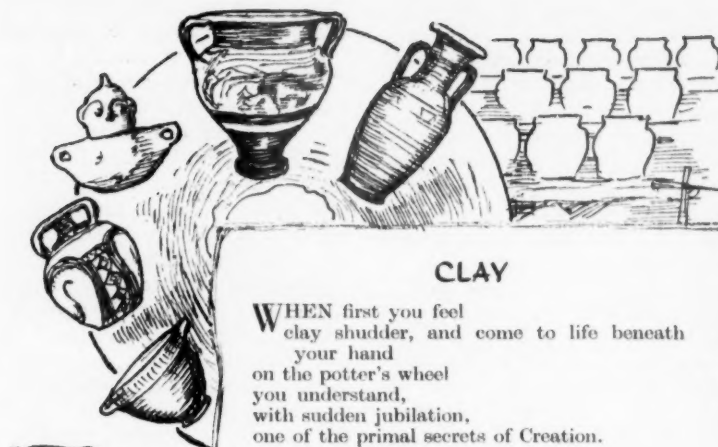
And cats? Their eyes marvelously they let shine, they prowl and spring and laze, and about them there's a something peaky and antic one doesn't hesitate to make fun of.

To make fun of a dog is wickedness unutterable.

To expect a cat to close the door after him or to be in by nine is hardly less so.

Malleable dog, quick cat! All the sense and knowledge and usefulness are on one side; all the calm abandon of instinct and beauty on the other. How can we possibly hope to domesticate ourselves without both? I have my cat: my dog I must go out and choose.

G. W. STONIER



CLAY

WHEN first you feel
clay shudder, and come to life beneath
your hand
on the potter's wheel
you understand,
with sudden jubilation,
one of the primal secrets of Creation.

As the obedient wheel spins round,
your mind, from chains of words unbound,
runs to your hands upon the clay
to think, in a more ancient way,
in terms of Shapelessness and Shape.
Between you and the dead clay is strife,
for matter and man are obstinate
old enemies—and inseparable
old friends.

Your fingers squeeze and press,
dividing Shape from Shapelessness,
and Shape that has a purpose too:
to be itself, apart from you:
you feel the clay on the wheel vibrate,
lo! you have touched it into life
from which it struggles to escape
until,
with one sweet, magic thrill,
it starts to sing, submissive to your will.

Not stone, not steel,
not even wood,
although to work with these is good,
and stone can be stubborn, and steel vibrate,
and wood can make the heart expand:
not one of these is animate
and comes to life beneath your hand
like the clay that sings on the potter's wheel.

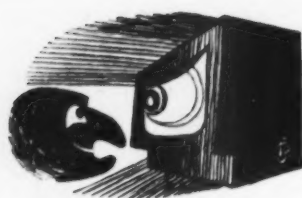
Whatever wonders man invents
to play with the four elements,
still most of all his heart contents:
Earth, wetted by water, baked by fire,
cooled by air—and all to bless
Shape fashioned out of Shapelessness:
what more did the first man desire?

When first you feel
clay shudder, and come to life beneath your
hand
on the potter's wheel,
you understand,
as the obedient wheel goes round
like the world when all things began,
why God took dust from the ground
for the making of Man.

R. C. SCRIVEN



E. H. Shepard



ON THE AIR

Come Into My Parlour!

FOR the benefit of those die-hards who have not yet succumbed to television let me describe, very briefly, a session of the weekly parlour game "What's My Line?" (devised by Mark Goodman and Bill Todman and presented by arrangement with C.B.S. of America and Maurice Winnick). The curtain rises to disclose a pleasant young man equipped with rugged good looks and the currently obligatory suggestion of nasal North American in his rich brogue. His duty is "to see fair play." The set-up is explained, the panel of experts is introduced, the first challenger "signs in," and the game is on.

The panel is trying to discover the challenger's line or gainful occupation. "G'd evening, Mr. Blunkett. Would I be correct in saying that your job supplies a service to the community?" "No." "D'yew wirk with other people?" "No." "I'm quite sure that your mime was intended to be helpful. Were you manipulating something with your hands?" "Yes." "Ah!

Have you—in the loosest possible way—any connection with agriculture?" "No..."

And so it goes on, until the panel has defeated the challenger and won a storm of applause from the studio audience, or until the challenger has answered "No" ten times and carried off the B.B.C.'s certificate of merit, neatly rolled by the question-master. "Will the next challenger sign in, please!"

This is "What's My Line?" Every week the same questions are asked, the same coy and brusque mannerisms employed, the same mock friction is engendered, the same futile competition for marks between panel and question-master runs its weary course.

What do the viewers get out of it? Well, we can press our noses to the glass and glimpse the stars. We can forget our own private, comfortable parlours for forty minutes and project ourselves into a communal parlour stuffed with clichés and bogus enthusiasm. Once a year, at some festive season, "What's My Line?" would perhaps make tolerable entertainment; repeated week after week it is lamentable, an embarrassing demonstration of the B.B.C.'s poverty of invention and our own sorry acceptance of spoon-feeding.

But TV has other parlour games to offer—"Down You Go!" with its authentic, avuncular Home Service touch, and "Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?" a romp in the self-conscious style of the Third

Programme. There is something for everybody. "Down You Go!" (another American importation, "devised by Polly S. and Louis G. Cowan") is a word-game and therefore middlebrow. Once more we have our panel of experts and our question-master, but here the challengers are words and phrases, crossword clues. Six words (2, 2, 2, 3, 2, 2) and the clue is "Indecision at Elsinore."

Now we turn to that parlour game to end all parlour games "Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?" in which (yes, quite right) we have a panel of experts and a challenger, plus a turntable and a series of exceptionally uninteresting and inanimate objects. The challenger too is inanimate—some museum or other—and we are introduced to it by means of a snapshot of its façade. One by one the strange objects are handled by experts... "Well, yes, I should say that it's got something to do with fire, wouldn't you?" "You mean one of those old—er—er— No, I don't think so. Probably Nigerian, of about... let's see... about 1723, eh?" "I'm sorry, professor, but you're wrong. It's a piece of fossilized cheese from an Aztec temple. Next object, please..."

Unfortunately, we poor viewers cannot handle the objects: nor do we know their weight and colour. We haven't a clue. But the game runs on until the museum and the panel tot up their points and accept either victory or defeat. When the museum wins I try to imagine the scene in two million comfortable British parlours—the shouts of exultation, the stamping of feet and the back-slapping. But I can't.

Very well, I admit it, I am a killjoy, but I insist that parlour games are not parlour games unless they are played in parlours and played by all. It is bad enough that we are a nation of spectators when the games are active and out-of-doors; it is too much to expect no one to get hot under the collar when millions of people are expected to enjoy second-hand, repetitious, inactive, indoor pranks and go on enjoying them week after week.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



"See—you can't enjoy it if you won't learn to read."



THE American people were obliged to take a chance on several of their new ambassadors to foreign parts without waiting to find out whether their loyalty and security qualifications were in working order. There were simply more appointees awaiting clearance than the F.B.I. could investigate. Winthrop Aldrich, for instance, who replaces Walter Gifford in London, has apparently been behaving himself over the years in the Chase National Bank; he abhorred the Roosevelt régime and the programs of the New Deal; and no discrepancies have been reported in his accounts. A safe sort of man, seemingly, yet ought we to turn anyone loose among the British—and a Harvard graduate at that—without first making sure that he is worthy of a diploma from the F.B.I.? (In view of President Eisenhower's campaign references to Harvard, reported in the October 15th issue of *Punch*, it is worth noting that every American Ambassador to Great Britain has been a Harvard man.) A more complex question was posed by the appointment of J. B. Conant, who not only attended Harvard but actually went so far as to become president of the place, as High Commissioner to Germany. Mr. Conant is a considerably more complex ambassador than Mr. Aldrich, and while Mr. Aldrich's appointment was received with the absolute minimum of emotion by the public, Mr. Conant's looked for a day or two like grounds for alarm. One Congressman

objected to Mr. Conant as "bookish." Another recalled that he had argued, within the past year, against the use of public funds to aid private schools and parochial schools, and that he had championed the whole system of tax-supported public schools, i.e. of "secular" education. On the matter of ferreting out Communists among Harvard faculty members, Mr. Conant had been equally difficult. He doubted that there were any, he told his critics; the faculty were adults, selected thoughtfully, men whom he liked and trusted; he did not propose to disturb and humiliate his associates by investigating them on the chance that one or two were aberrant, politically. (It is not known, at this writing, whether Mr. Aldrich was ever asked to search for possible Communists among the officers of the Chase bank.)

AMERICAN VIEWPOINT

But the situation was becoming urgent. The Department of State alone was trying to fill a hundred or more posts in a hurry, while the new Ambassador to the United Nations was asking for a security check on some 1,500 Americans employed by the U.N. The Senator from New Hampshire was about to investigate the New York waterfront. The Senator from Wisconsin was making ready to investigate almost everything. Many months would be needed before the citizens appointed by President Eisenhower could be certified to be just as loyal as other citizens, and so the Senate foreign relations committee nervously decided to allow Secretary Dulles to vouch for the diplomats *ad interim*, including Messrs. Aldrich and Conant on his assurance that a full scrutiny of them would follow in due course.

* * * * *

Many Americans are still confused about the precise nature of the penalties imposed by public office on Charles E. Wilson, in his acceptance of the cabinet post

of Secretary of Defense. They realized that he was giving up a large salary in private industry, and Mr. Wilson left them in no doubt about his reluctance to divest himself of shares in his company worth almost a million pounds. "My God," he told the Senate committee, "I am making a great sacrifice in coming down here," and there was much head-wagging about the enormous "tax loss" which Mr. Wilson would incur in selling his shares. But the "tax loss" is, in fact, when Mr. Wilson does sell his shares, the 25 per cent tax on capital gains. No gains, no tax; enormous tax, enormous gains. What is really befalling Mr. Wilson is that he is about to take a very large profit. A goodly number of us, one suspects, would be glad to be in his shoes in this particular act of self-immolation. It calls to mind the two ratings on the escort vessel commanded by Nicholas Monsarrat in World War II. The vessel was awaiting commissioning in Boston, the two ratings were "under punishment," and by way of assigning them extra work Monsarrat detailed them to take charge of the checkroom at a large, and late, party that he was giving aboard his new command. He had overlooked, however, the probability that his guests would tip such attendants rather generously. After the party, as he walked by the checkroom, Monsarrat saw the two ratings dividing a pile of money which obviously amounted to more than a month's pay for each, and one of the ratings remarked, ostensibly to his fellow sufferer, "I can stand punishment like that any time."

* * * * *

To judge from the classified advertising section of a Sunday newspaper, "Full employment" continues, and at robust salaries. ("Wages" simply isn't enough of a word, nowadays.) For one page of "Situations Wanted" on a February Sunday, the "Help Wanted" pages totalled seventeen, and



baby-sitting at about 7s. an hour or more is almost the only work not offering a firm £18 a week to the greenest or least-gifted elements in the labor supply. So delicate are the shadings of compensation that one agency scales its appeal to Nurses-Governesses according to the age of the children. Thus:

Nurse, new born baby	
1 to 2 mos. . .	\$70 wk.
2 mos. and 3 yrs old	\$55-\$60 wk.
10 mos. and 2 yrs. old	\$50-\$55 wk.
9 mos. 6 and 8 yrs. . .	\$60 wk.

A couple—usually a cook-house-

man combination—can expect \$400-\$450 a month if they are at all experienced. Beginners, who one supposes have no capacity beyond their ability to constitute a couple, receive as little as \$250-\$300. Meanwhile, the demand for dish-washing machines and small apartments remains brisk.

* * * * *

Scarcely a week goes by without bringing to light new, and often astonishing, facts about the readers of American magazines. These facts are disclosed by the magazines themselves, and each is

able to advertise, with exactitude, that its readers are several cuts above the readers of other magazines. An elaborate system of "readership surveys" lies behind these revelations. It will not suffice, for instance, for Magazine B, with a million circulation, to acknowledge itself junior to Magazine A, which has two million readers, even though these figures are correct and widely known. What Magazine B must try to do is to prove, through considerations other than mere size, that one of its own readers is worth a bus-load of the sort of people who read Magazine A. The search for the clincher, to this end, is often colorful, as two examples within the past week will illustrate.

Consider first the case of Magazine X, a weekly, fairly well down the list in most categories yet determined to be the front-runner in at least one respect. Magazine X has discovered "A New Measure of Magazine Impact." How much time does the reader spend per issue and per page? By raising the question, Magazine X asserts, it has found "the vital Third Dimension of magazine effectiveness—Editorial Penetration or **READING TIME**." (Circulation and the number of readers per copy are the other two "dimensions.") Bar charts then show that the readers of Magazine X do spend more reading time per page than readers do on other magazines, and, with an air of Q.E.D., Magazine X pridefully acknowledges itself as "Best-Read of the Big Weeklies." The question of whether Magazine X possesses unusually slow readers or is offering unusually slow reading matter is not dealt with, but meanwhile chalk up another coup for Magazine X.

More spectacular is the finding of Magazine Y, which converts a monthly circulation of around 2,700,000 into a statistic of 10,230,000 readers, but then goes on to develop a figure of 40,920,000 readings. Yes, says Magazine Y, its ten-million-plus readers "open and read their copies of each issue an average of 4.0 times. That means 40,920,000 individual reading sessions (with Magazine Y) . . ."

CHARLES W. MORTON



"You should be all right; I'm paying money in."

THE EXTERIOR IS OUTSIDE

IN the last few weeks the Exterior Viewpoint, a technique exclusive to travel advertisements, has begun to appear again. It has done so every year, probably, as soon as the holiday planning season has got well under way, and lasts until the early autumn. It was only last year, though, that I recognized it for what it was, a clever trick to present travel to potential travellers as something exciting. It is designed to make them rush to the nearest agency, waving cheques, deluded, mad keen to go somewhere.

The Exterior Viewpoint Technique shows you an aeroplane, train, or ship from a point outside the aeroplane, train or ship, *inside which you would be travelling*. In other words, it's not possible, while travelling, to travel in this way. This becomes pretty complicated when you think of it, and no doubt that's the reason why practically nobody has followed the thing through the way I have.

For example, you see a picture of an aeroplane travelling (in full colour) at great speed, which you can tell by the little lines going backwards from its wings and tail towards another advertisement for soap powder. This aeroplane is obviously several thousand feet up in the air. Nobody can actually see a 'plane travelling at that speed and height unless he is travelling at the same speed at a point twenty feet out from the port wing tip and slightly ahead of it. But that's the way you see it in travel advertisements. The only way you could get something approaching this view would be to travel in another 'plane alongside the first. This would be costly, if nothing else. The pilot of the first 'plane would keep calling you up on the radio and telling you to go away. In fact you would be near enough to see him shouting and shaking his fist at you. There would, in any case, be no little lines from the wings and tail.

You could perhaps drift about in a balloon and keep a watch out for 'planes. Even then you'd have to keep the balloon on recognized air

routes, a certain cause of complaint. Because of the prevailing wind you would probably be gradually blown to Scandinavia.

Trains are the same. Most of the pictures show a train from a point which is on the ground and dangerously near the lines. To see it this way you would have to lie with your head nearly touching the rails. You wouldn't see the train for long. It would be gone in a flash, for, like the aeroplane, it has little lines connected to it, from the wheels and funnel. They look as long as those on the 'plane, so the two things should be travelling at the same speed, roughly. So now we've either got a very fast train, in which case it's plain crazy to put your head anywhere near the rails because of the danger of the train coming off, or a very slow aeroplane, almost a contradiction in terms.

Besides, if you attempted to lie down near the lines you would be arrested for trespassing if not for attempted suicide. The really important thing, though, is that all attempts to see a train the way they are shown mean that you're *not travelling*. There are easier ways of doing this than lying down near a railway line. You could stay at home in bed, for example.

Ships are perhaps the most brazen instance of the Exterior Viewpoint. What you see is an ocean greyhound steaming across what looks like infinite sea. Where you see it from is some point low down and three hundred yards to starboard. Now, where this is can be worked out by perspective and triangulation. I worked it out for three advertisements. In the first whoever was looking at the ship was about three feet out of the water, probably on top of a floating packing case. In the second he was clinging to a broken spar, and in the third he was actually two feet under the surface of the Caribbean. There's no point in arguing that if this were so it would be impossible to see the ship at all. It would be better to get it over with than float about,



"Cut it out, will ya, honey! Far as I'm concerned you're O.K. whether you're a Britisher or a citizen of the United States of Europe."

hundreds of miles from land, just to see a liner go by. They'd never hear you shouting, because, according to the advertisements, the passengers are practically beside themselves with excitement twenty-four hours a day and certainly have no time to wonder if they ought to keep a look-out for people drifting about outside.

I notice that whenever the inside of transport comes up it looks pretty dull. Remember when there was all that fuss about the Comet? Well, most of the pictures just showed the Comet from the outside, taking off or landing—not from twenty feet off the port wing tip. The only thing they could think of to show on the inside was people all over the place balancing pencils on their end and calling each other to look. I'm fairly easy to please, but I must say this isn't my idea of excitement. If you want to balance pencils, you can do it at home on the ground. There's no need to go up to twenty thousand feet. This seems to me to be flogging a dead horse. When you've balanced one pencil you've balanced them all. It doesn't make any difference if you're doing it at five hundred miles an hour or just before breakfast—it's still the same HB.

The Exterior Viewpoint Technique should be exposed for what it is. When you're actually travelling you're *inside* whatever you're travelling in. This point cannot be sufficiently emphasized.

HAD GIRTIN LIVED . . .

... "I should have starved," said the great Turner, intending to pay as handsome a tribute as he knew how to the friend of his youth and fellow-water-colourist; and how good an artist Girtin was is well seen in the extensive exhibition that Messrs. Agnew have now brought together at their Gallery in Bond Street.

Like so many artists of the "Early English" water-colourschool, Thomas Girtin started very young, a sort of juvenile factory hand, brightening up prints with a wash of colour and mass-producing views painted by his elders. Thus a number of pictures in the exhibition are "after" someone, after the topographer Dayes, for instance, with whom Girtin began his career as an apprentice of fourteen; or J. R. Cozens, whose work he copied for that celebrated collector, Dr. Monro.

In fact, looking at one of these copies, one seems to see young Girtin and Turner, somewhere about the year 1795 (they were both twenty then) working away of an evening in the "good doctor's" house in the old Adelphi Terrace, "for half a crown and their oysters." Monro beams, like an indulgent uncle or benevolent schoolmaster, as he pulls out drawings from the bulging portfolios—a pen sketch of Venice by Canaletto, an unfinished Swiss water-colour by poor Cozens who has lost his reason and is under the doctor's professional care. And Girtin and Turner work them up into the finished pictures on which he dotes—for Dr. Monro (never able to spend long away from his mental patients) they are a vicarious form of travel.

"Gothick" ruins and waterfalls, old churches and country seats, an occasional reminiscence of someone's Grand Tour: Girtin's water-colours are a delightful commentary on the collector's taste in that early-romantic, late-eighteenth-century time, so nicely compounded of a yearning for landscape and for the

past. In one drawing, even, a chill mist rises straight from the pages of Ossian. At the age of twenty-one Girtin is clearly a success. He has taken the water-colourist's time-honoured route through Wales and Yorkshire, is *persona grata* in the great country houses like Harewood, has aristocratic pupils and, according to his wife, has developed "a distaste for the middle classes who were not then so well educated as of later years." The most exciting part of his development belongs to the last few years of his short life. It becomes clear that a powerful



personality is emerging—by leaps and bounds. It appears in a new spaciousness in his pictures of English country (as in the grand sweep of the "Stepping Stones on the Wharfe"), a new feeling for nature (as in the beautiful "Rainbow on the Exe"), the vigorous touch of the "Rue St. Denis" (painted on his one short visit to France). He suppresses detail and summarizes

with bold intelligence. One appreciates again in the Agnew exhibition, the "breadth and truth" that influenced Constable. Turner's tribute was awkwardly phrased. He was too good a business man to starve, whoever his rivals were; nor were he and Girtin at all alike in their work: the one simple and direct, the other intricate and subtle.

The exhibition of Turner's work from youth to age, now by a happy chance also on view at the Whitechapel Art Gallery, gives material for direct comparison. It brings out forcibly the difference between the two "pupils" of Dr. Monro—Girtin, the admirable realist, and Turner, who was to soar into romantic regions his friend would probably never have explored.

WILLIAM GAUNT

§ §

"BATTALION'S TARGET—200
TERRORISTS"

Daily Mail

Recruiting going nicely?

§ §

INNER AND OUTER MEN

JESSAMINE-wreaths do not adorn my hair,
Bells do not tinkle-tinkle on my toes.
No one describes me as Immortal Fair
Or pens Petrarchan sonnets to my nose.

People are blind. Somehow they fail to see,
Under the encrustations of the years,
The pale and perfect quintessential Me
Shining like Charlemagne among his peers,

Or youthful Nero lounging on a couch,
Or Galahad unsmirched by shame or sin.
"Behold!" they cry, "below his eye! A pouch
A kangaroo could keep her baby in!"

Such pouch there is; but underneath my hide,
Hidden, as in some chest the miser's pelf,
Strange subtle beauties linger and reside—
Or so, at least, I like to tell myself.

R. P. LISTER



Impressions of Parliament



Monday, February 9

For a House resigned (despite Sir WALDRON SMITHERS' remarks about Statutory Instruments) to the tedium of an average Monday, Mr. CHURCHILL provided the best laugh of the year, so far. He wanted to answer a question that had been "postponed" by the Member concerned, and there were protests. Mr. Speaker said there was nothing to prevent the P.M.'s answering, if he wanted to—and that brought Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, as Acting Leader of the Opposition, into action.

"No, no, no *no!*" he said sternly. "This is a matter of *importance*, involving the *rights* of the House, on *both* sides!"

For weeks past it has been an amusing pastime for most Members ("on both sides") to observe the way in which Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN has "marked" Mr. MORRISON every time he has asked a question or raised a point. The fact that they are well known not to be what Mr. CHURCHILL once called "holiday friends" added piquancy to the situation. But to-day there was no Mr. BEVAN. He had left, a few hours earlier, to fly to India.

So Mr. CHURCHILL watched quietly while Mr. MORRISON pursued his point, maintaining that the asker of a question was master of

its fate and that, if he wanted to withdraw or postpone it—then withdrawn or postponed it *had* to be. But Mr. Speaker said No.

Mr. CHURCHILL rose v-e-r-y slowly, the beginnings of a smile on his lips. "I am surprised," said he almost cooingly, "that the right honourable gentleman should be so active in this matter . . . *considering that the right honourable gentleman, the Member for Ebbw Vale, has already started for India!*"

For a few seconds the hit did not register with the House. Then a low chuckle came from the Treasury Bench, which spread and grew until the whole House was rocking with uncontrollable mirth.

Mr. Speaker gravely replied that he "could not understand" Mr. CHURCHILL's "observation"—but this only started the gale of laughter off again. In the midst of the new tidal wave the P.M. rose to say (above the din) that he and his Party favoured "open competition"—a remark that produced a yell which almost lifted the roof.

The Home Secretary gave a progress report on the work being done to meet the disastrous flooding in Eastern England, and there was a general cheer when a Member spoke of the generous and often perilous work done by United States Servicemen, among others, in aiding the afflicted.

Mr. BARNETT JANNER, having provoked Members by using the word "*infiltrates*," and Sir IAN FRASER having aroused mirth (apparently unintentionally) by expressing relief that housewives would no longer have to "fiddle" with certain coupons, the House passed yet again to the many-times-told story of the Transport Bill.

Mr. CHURCHILL showed disinclination to invite Mr. Stalin to a conference, on the ground that it would not lessen international tension. And he urged that the people of Great Britain would feel "severe domestic preoccupations" if—for instance—"so many of our best doctors were being charged with poisoning so many of our best politicians." He added, however, that, if all other difficulties were swept away, he could take his own medical adviser with him to Moscow.

Tuesday, February 10

Mr. CHURCHILL announced, very firmly, that no reduction in the

House of Commons: period of compulsory National Service could be contemplated at present. He added that the surest way to make his expressed hope that there would not be another world war prove false was to cut the period of service.

Mr. JAMES STUART, the Scottish Secretary, startled the House by



Mr. CHURCHILL. If all the other difficulties were swept away, I could take my own medical adviser with me.

revealing that the recent gales had "blown" some 30 to 35 million cubic feet of standing timber in Scotland. However, this was to be made available licence-free (which seemed to suggest that even so ill a wind blew somebody good), and he hoped that inevitable losses might thereby be cut.

With a sigh the House turned to the Transport Bill once more.

Wednesday, February 11

The Home Secretary was able to give comforting news of the progress of the precautions against further flooding. Two-thirds of the breaches in the sea defences had been repaired and a new and elaborate system of warning against the coming of high tides had been worked out, for immediate operation. The House—all of it—cheered his statement that, in this matter of life and death, the Government preferred to err on the side of over-caution.

Major GWILYM LLOYD-GEORGE had to answer thirty-nine questions, many of them near-frivolous, and, in doing so, crossed swords (or should it be forks?) with Mrs. MANN, who seemed to find something particu-



larly sinister and class-conscious in the plan to allow the roasting of whole oxen, as a Coronation rejoicing. She said she wanted the Minister roasted, instead.

Mr. REGGIE PAGET sought leave—which was refused—to bring in a Bill to enable those Peers who did not want to become members of "Another Place" to retain their rights (or some of them) as commoners. The heirs to Peerages seemed doubtful which way to vote, but Mr. WALTER ELLIOT sealed the Bill's fate by urging that this was no matter for "perfunctory" decision.

Thursday, February 12

Mr. ANTHONY EDEN aroused the House of Commons from its week-long semi-torpor with an announcement about a "reasonable" agreement with Egypt over the future of the Sudan. It was received in almost complete silence. But there was evident anxiety, in the questions which followed, that the South Sudanese people should have their interests safeguarded, and Mr. EDEN said this was uppermost in his mind. Mr. RALPH ASSHETON, from a high Tory bench, quietly and sorrowfully registered his disapproval of Britain's "abandonment of her trust," a description of his action which Mr. EDEN disclaimed.

The elaborate plan outlined by Mr. EDEN suggested that the interests of minorities were to be safeguarded, and that the Sudanese public services were to achieve "Sudanization" as speedily as may be, but in any case in not more than three years. A General Election for the creation of a Sudanese Parliament was to be held within a few weeks, and this Parliament would exercise self-determination on behalf of the people.

Mr. MORRISON said the Opposition "might well" want a debate.

Mr. BOYD-CARPENTER, for the Treasury, promised the minting of four million crown-pieces to commemorate the Coronation. And Sir DAVID ROBERTSON sent everybody almost gaily into further consideration of the Steel Bill with this



SIR WALDRON SMITHERS: God in His wisdom thought Ten Commandments enough for the human race. The biggest obstacle to recovery is 24,000 rules and regulations which frustrate and delay business organizations.

reference to a plan he put forward: "Will the Minister nurture this delicate plant, and help it over the stile?"

The Home Secretary introduced his Bill to make the carrying of coshes, stilettos and the like a crime.

Friday, February 13

Appropriately, with the "Whips off," the Commons debated the imposition of birching as a legal penalty for crime.

Wing-Commander BULLUS sponsored the Bill to allow birching for any offence the courts thought should carry the penalty. The argument was long and tense—some claiming that the penalty brutalized both inflicter and recipient, some that physical pain was the only deterrent for thugs.

The Government made it plain that it preferred to wait longer to see how the present arrangement worked, before deciding whether or not to reimpose it.

The Bill was rejected by 159 votes to 63. "The Second Reading put off for six months," said Mr. Speaker moderately. GUY EDEN

AT THE
PLAY

Edipus (KING's, HAMMERSMITH)—RUTH DRAPER (GLOBE)

WE owe so much to Mr. DONALD WOLFIT, not only for his fine acting but for his generous approach to our education, that we wish we could more often give him his due without seeming to niggle. Mr. WOLFIT is a perpetual problem, one of the richest assets of our theatre and at the same time one of its most perplexing. His gifts deserve the best collaboration, and yet again and again we find him leading a company which he outshines too easily, in productions which this gulf cannot fail to unbalance. And for an actor of his tempestuous vitality it is a mistake to rely as much as he does on his own direction; how often one has felt that he would have profited by outside discipline. With memories of his *Lear*—to my mind the greatest of this generation—and of many other distinguished performances it is saddening and wearisome to go on saying these hard things, but they must be said. And no less about his current production of Sophocles, interesting as it is.

This is historic because in addition to "*Edipus the King*" it includes "*Edipus at Colonus*," never before seen on our stage. It is a courageous venture, giving us a chance to compare the tremendous

crescendo of drama in the first play with the quiet (and strangely Christian) resignation of the broken *Edipus* in the second. To his fall Mr. WOLFIT brings a surge of powerful acting. In the moments of extreme anguish this overflows awkwardly into falsetto, but it remains a performance of uncommon tragic intensity. The effect, however, is lopsided, for Mr. WOLFIT's high voltage is only fully met by Sir LEWIS CASSON's *Teiresias*. There is a good *Messenger* by Mr. JAMES DALE, but the majesty of *Jocasta*, who was much more than an ordinary queen, escapes Miss ELLEN POLLOCK, and Mr. ERNEST HARE makes a rather tame *Creon*.

In this first play, which needs only a pair of impressive doors and some steps, the setting is adequate; in the second, where *Edipus* totters around a sacred grove, it is lamentable, and its shortcomings are not helped by the fact that Miss ROSALIND IDEN's *Antigone*, who is supposed to be wandering alfresco with her travel-stained father, wears a gown fresh from the cleaners and has obviously just come from her hairdresser. In both parts the costume is careless. In the second there is little plot, and the verse is nearly everything. Mr. WOLFIT

speaks it handsomely, and is well seconded by Mr. PETER RENDALL's *Theseus*, but here the dullness of Mr. E. F. WATLING's translation becomes apparent. His blank verse has the merit of being clear and unaffected, but except in a song



Miss Ruth Draper at an Art Exhibition

sung charmingly by an un-named actor the language is not exciting.

We go to see Miss RUTH DRAPER as we go to the National Gallery—familiar with the old masters, but always finding in the perfection of their detail something new to wonder at. To fill an empty stage with people, as she does, is a prodigious feat, but although this ability to conjure invisible characters, to bring pathos and even tragedy out of them, must continue to amaze us, in the end it is the sharp edge of her satire which we most remember afterwards. The social queen toying with culture in a whirl of gossip, the quartette of dieting women murdering their digestions in a smart restaurant, the garden hostess skating dexterously over the gaps in her herbaceous border—these are all lethally observed. What Miss DRAPER shows us, of course, is ourselves.

Recommended

For a clever mixed bag of comedy, *Escapade* (St. James's). For satire, *The Love of Four Colonels* (Wyndham's). For good tunes, *South Pacific* (Drury Lane).

ERIC KEOWN



Teiresias—Sir LEWIS CASSON

Edipus—Mr. DONALD WOLFIT



at the PICTURES

Le Plaisir—Plymouth Adventure



THERE are delightful things in *Le Plaisir* (Director: MAX OPHÜLS), though a proportion of its public will consist of people eager to be shocked by an "X" film and disinclined to pay attention to any part of it not obviously "shocking." It is always easy, tempting and unfair to blame a picture for the kind of people that go to see it. This consists of three Maupassant stories, the longest and most noteworthy being in the middle, a version of "La Maison Tellier" (the one about the madam of a small-town brothel who took her girls for a happy day in the country). The unifying idea is that the three stories illustrate three different aspects of pleasure, and this means of producing a piece of feature-film length is as artificial and contrived as the anecdotal basis of each story; but the voice of PETER USTINOV (English, with a crisp, not emphasized French accent) provides a narrative framework for the whole that is admirably done. Admittedly from time to time, using MAUPASSANT's own words translated for descriptions of personal appearance or scenery or sounds, the voice tells us things we can perfectly well see or hear for ourselves: there is hardly much point, for instance, in announcing that a man at that moment on the screen is wearing a tall hat, or in accompanying the sound of a church bell with the

words "The plaintive tinkle of the bell rose in the air only to die in the distance like" something or other. But often both the phrases and the way they are spoken have a satisfying wit that justifies a commentary not strictly necessary. The superimposed titles for the direct-action dialogue, on the other hand, are an odd mixture of modern American and the most stilted and awkward translator's-English. Happily it is quite possible to enjoy the stories with no more than the help of the commentary, which perfectly matches the decorative fantasy of the Ophüls style. The film was plainly made to follow the same director's *La Ronde*, but that, though it did consist of episodes, had a genuine unity of idea; the three parts of this one are just arbitrarily chosen illustrations. Each is beautifully done, but the film does not "jell" into a work of art: it is a brilliantly entertaining handful of assorted excellences.

With *Plymouth Adventure* (Director: CLARENCE BROWN) we are back in the conventional film world of the spectacular Technicolor Epic, but this has good points apart from being (as nearly every Epic is) a staggering display of technical skill. From the novel by ERNEST GÉBLER, it is an account of the voyage of the Pilgrim Fathers in 1620, and combines the usual

elaborate care for the accuracy of every physical detail of dress and background with the usual cheerfully imaginative fabrication of character and subsidiary incident. Not that there is very much in any of the characters except the one played by SPENCER TRACY, who



(*Plymouth Adventure*
Perilous Seas)

gives a strong and interesting performance as the captain of the *Mayflower*. It appears that this was a harsh, embittered but efficient sailor who hated the pretensions of his passengers but in the end softened enough to fall in love with one of them (GENE TIERNEY). Mr. TRACY is always worth watching, and this is an exceptional portrait for a kind of film that normally depends on spectacle. But the spectacle is there: the storm scene is so prodigiously violent for so long that it almost touches the fringe of absurdity. More often than not I find spectacular Hollywood "history" dull, but not this time.

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

For some reason they seem to have decided to have a "wave" of burlesque pirate stories. *Blackbeard the Pirate* with ROBERT NEWTON is more broadly funny even than *The Crimson Pirate* (7/1/53), which is released this week. Best film in London remains *The Secret Game* or *Les Jeux Interdits* (14/1/53).

The only other new release to mention is *Decameron Nights*, which was too heavy-handedly "naughty" for me, but got some friendly notices. RICHARD MALLETT

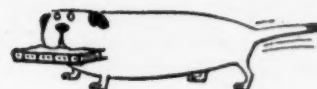


Le Commis-voyageur—PIERRE BRASSEUR

[*Le Plaisir*



Booking Office



Some Uses for Death

Death Goes Hunting. Chris Massie. Faber, 12/6

Four City Days. Robert Travers. Gollancz, 12/6

Good Luck to the Corpse. Max Murray. Michael Joseph, 10/6

The Five Fowlers. Edward Morris. Geoffrey Bles, 9/6

DEATH has always been a good standby for writers; it is a change from love, and even more universal. Unfortunately, whereas literature used to treat it as a central theme, nowadays it has become peripheral, like ghosts or gardens. Mr. Chris Massie, in *Death Goes Hunting*, uses it as a starting-point for a number of ingenious fancies, rather as writers of science fiction use Space and Gravity and Growth. His hero, after being hanged for the murder of his wife's lover, divides his eternity between the next world, about which Mr. Massie's very practical imagination produces several bright ideas, and a series of return visits.

Mr. Massie has made a fresh entertainment out of a hackneyed subject. Unfortunately the publishers claim, and the author may perhaps believe, that the novel is "a work of intense individual artistic accomplishment" and "a satire on our national hypocrisy." It is true that between the inventive episodes there are chunks of highfalutin talk about such subjects as guilt. There is also some falsification, as in the suggestion that, compared with the hypocrisy of being a prison chaplain, sticking a knife into somebody is venial, almost meritorious if the victim smirks and his boot's creak. Heaven knows, there may be need for anti-clerical satire, but surely not at the cost of romanticizing killers.

Mr. Robert Travers uses death in the American style, to melodramatize life. *Four City Days* takes place in a kind of cut-price morgue, run by that increasingly popular American character, an Innocent Embalmer. Amid the turpitude of municipal life, unsoiled by graft or labour rackets, he sides apologetically with the Good and True; the realism of the cadaverous detail keeps the book clear of the Beautiful. As usual in exposures of corruption, events and conversations move as slowly as settling dust. Everything is a little sad and a little hopeless and heavy with yawns.

One of the purer union leaders on the waterfront is inopportunately dredged out of the river encased in cement. City Hall wants the affair hushed up, but the news leaks and a new leader organizes a monster funeral with the original cement gruesomely encircling the coffin. The embalmer loses his civic clientèle by co-operating in this quaint scheme. American writers are always taking the lid off "things," and this gets praised as a sign of political vitality; but whenever the lid is removed the same "things" are there. The ordinary decent people, to whom Mr. Victor Gollancz refers with approval in his initialled and magisterial

blurb, have been standing up against graft for a good many publishing seasons now.

The most popular use for death is as a jumping-off point for a puzzle or chain of thrills, a convention that depends on lack of realism. In *Good Luck to the Corpse* Mr. Max Murray blanches his victims of the ruddiness of life before the blows fall. Against a glossy Riviera setting he builds a competent maze. His real interest is in character and class: he has abandoned the frivolity of his earlier novels for social comment. There is now usually an equivocal character (like Hume, "a semi-honest man") who is tough-minded and sometimes heroic but not conventionally respectable. To Mr. Murray death has the advantage of momentarily putting life off its guard and providing opportunities for the observant.

The Five Fowlers, by Mr. Edward Morris, contains death at its most bloodless and cheery and is all about a band of pals who fight a gang. The people are dim and the dialogue dimmer, but the night drive across England and Wales, the voyage to the remote Scottish island and the long running fight on the shore are exciting and credible. All the old, boyhood friends are here, even the tendency to seek the top of church towers when hard pressed. With more attention to character-drawing and conversation, or with a collaborator, Mr. Morris might be formidable.

R. G. G. PRICE

The Life and Activities of Sir John Hawkins. Percy A. Scholes. Oxford University Press: Cumberlege, 35/-

The subject of Dr. Percy Scholes' latest essay in biography was neither a very memorable nor, by all accounts, a very amiable man. In fact there is a consensus of contemporary opinion that he was the



reverse of amiable, and it is by Johnson's very unflattering portrait of him, and the sneers of Boswell, that he is now remembered. Yet he had his little niche in the eighteenth-century scene, knew a great many of its outstanding figures, and was liked by some of them, including the fastidious Walpole; and even Johnson thought sufficiently well of him to make him his executor. If it was to the historian of music that Dr. Scholes was primarily attracted, he pays equal attention to the editor of "The Compleat Angler," the biographer of Johnson, and the magistrate whose conduct at the time of the Gordon Riots was, to say the least, ambiguous. He has written a scholarly book, as lively as Hawkins himself permitted. F. B.

A Year of Space. Eric Linklater. Macmillan, 18/-

Nowadays "space" suggests the interplanetary sort, so Mr. Linklater's title invites misinterpretation by the young. In fact, in this year, he travelled only in earth's own atmosphere, to such mundane spots as Stockholm, Singapore, Hong Kong, Korea, New Zealand, Australia, New Guinea, Ceylon and so on. There he exercised his supersensitive powers of observation and filled, one is persuaded, many comprehensive notebooks. Mr. Linklater breathes in impressions as the rest of us breathe in air, and reproduces them for our pleasure in bright, detailed and carefully composed pictures. Sometimes we shy at a phrase (Rotorua's "incredible green pastures under their myriad sheep") and are sometimes startled at first glance ("in Teheran the Prime Minister . . . aggravated the crisis by bursting into tears and retiring to his bed"); but the whole is

salty and exhilarating, not least when the author, as he does at the slenderest whim, dives off into long, zestfully reminiscent flashbacks of other years and places, people and things. J. B. B.

Apulian Summer and Other Episodes. Michael Lloyd. Heinemann, 15/-

This is a vivid sequence of impressions by a young man of his younger self at the moment when a sense of the entrancing beauty of the physical world, heightened by shy-friendly contacts, breaks upon a suddenly awakened sensibility. It is not easy reading; the metaphor-drenched phrases have an effect of violence that is fatiguing. The patient reader with a sympathetic understanding of youth's agonies and exuberances will be rewarded. A winter night in Apulia; a summer of casual exploration of its Adriatic coast; a winter night and a summer in academic Oxford with an epilogue in St. Ebbe's—that is the frame of these meditations and evocations. There stands out as an almost solitary example of simple direct writing the sketch of a young Oxford girl, which is delicately observed and expressed. But what would a psychiatrist make of the savage portrait of the old don which follows it? J. P. T.

SHORTER NOTES

Two or Three Muses. Misia Sert. Translated by Moura Budberg with a foreword by Tamara Karsavina. Museum Press, 18/-. Gloriously preposterous reminiscences of a great Parisian hostess, the friend and confidant of Renoir and Picasso, of Diaghilev and Satie. Full of interesting gossip about three generations of artists. Packed with such plums as "Lautrec was working on a large picture of me which he wanted to call 'The Ruins of Athens'," and "Many of Lautrec's paintings on cardboard exist to-day only because of a thick layer of motor varnish with which I covered them, just because I thought they looked prettier like that."

Listen Comrades. El Campesino (Valentin Gonzalez). Heinemann, 15/-. El Campesino, a graceless thug who became a Republican general during the Spanish civil war, fled to Russia in 1939 and fell foul of the Soviet régime. They tortured and persecuted him for ten years until a providential earthquake enabled him to escape. This exciting story will win him little sympathy; but it is useful ammunition against orthodox Communist believers in the "Soviet paradise."

Where I Live. Ronald Duncan. Museum Press, 15/-. Romantic notions of Glorious Devon conspicuously absent in this virile and compact book on the author's reasons for sharing the life of a country community. A shrewd thinker, he champions the return of manual crafts rather than risk a "cultured" generation which, while discussing Dante and Tolstoy, has forgotten how to mend a chair.

The Field, 1853-1953. R. N. Rose. Michael Joseph, 25/-. An old family connection makes it fitting that *Punch* should congratulate *The Field* on also becoming a centenarian and on a fine record of service—to sport, games, gardening; on valuable investigations—for instance, into canine distemper; and also on having launched lawn tennis. Many illustrations include a beautiful portrait of Surtees, *The Field's* "originator."

The Secret Life of Miss Lottinger. Neil Bell. Alvin Redman, 10/6. A short novel and twenty short stories, good entertainment of their kind, many with ingenious plots or remarkable characters; none conventional love stories. Murders are rife, policemen, journalists and sailors the principal actors. A preface of thanks for pleasure from literature, with a tribute to Owen Seaman's gifts as a "mentor in the writing of light verse," is extremely interesting.

Dead Pigeon. Robert P. Hansen. Arthur Barker, 9/6. Quick-moving American thriller that, without leaving the beaten track, skips along it light-heartedly. Quite a good plot and the writing quietsens down after the strained exuberance of the opening page or two. Fun.



"But I don't know the people upstairs."



"I never listen to the news nowadays. It only depresses me."

BRIGHTENING UP THE BROOK

SOME heavy shower up-country has just made the brook that runs beside my home surge and foam and gush, instead of trickling in the middle and dying away round the edges as usual. It is quite a vital water-course for the moment and I was cheered when a visiting child referred to it as *The River*. It knew it would never be a river but it tossed a mane of spume and gurgled. For half an hour or so it really might have been the upper reaches of some minor tributary with a name among fly-fishers. The child went on to ask whether it were polluted. He had probably overheard grown-up talk over the morning paper about the dreadful things that get into rivers and, while feeling duly indignant on the brook's behalf, I could not help thinking that a bit of pollution might make it rank higher in the watery scale. Oil, industrial alcohol, gold-dust—I should not be particular. All it carries at the moment is mud, and not, I expect, very radio-active mud at that. It is a

hopelessly homely and unprogressive stream.

At night, when there has been a cloudburst, or when a winter's snow has suddenly and simultaneously melted, you can just hear the water falling down from the culvert under the road into the placid stream. It is not enough to impinge on sleepers and you have to lean well out of the window to get the best of it. I had hoped when I moved here that I should lie awake on holidays missing the crash and thunder of the waterfall; but the brook needs help. Unfortunately, my plans to make its activity more feverish are hampered by its not belonging to me. If I filled it with gaudy fish or dammed it or put in weirs I might be hauled over the coals by a water-bailiff.

The best I can think of is to insert a movable water-wheel every night. I should be no true countryman if I were not prepared to crawl about other people's property in the dark sometimes. Once the world has

bedded down I can roll my wheel through a gap in the hedge and sling it on cunningly hidden supports. It will become so quick and easy a routine that it will seem just a whiff of fresh air at the end of the day, not a chore to be undertaken with scowls and dramatically bent shoulders.

I shall hang about country sales until a suitable mill-wheel turns up. I see it with long-seasoned timbers, held together by a good deal of iron. There will be dried, green scum on it and inlandish barnacles and channels in the wood worn by generations of migrating eels. It will be a sturdy bit of carpentry, capable of filling the drowsy air with its music. As I roll it down to its nightly resting-place it will creak in happy expectation and I shall proudly feel it respond to my guidance until it neatly fits into place and straightway begins to respond to the pressure of the water.

I cannot conceal from myself, however, that it is possible to find

snags in this scheme. What happens if it rushes away from me down the slope and sticks broadside on? How do I know that the brook will face up to this new obstacle? It is a stream that needs coaxing and it is quite capable of turning tidal and retreating, perhaps completely out of sight, perhaps only to lurk inside the culvert until the obstruction has gone. Turning a mill-wheel must present itself to a brook as a form of work.

More depressing still, how on earth does one lift the wheel into place? It is all very well for the armchair mill-fancier to say "Improvise a pulley," but pulleys are not so easily improvised as Elementary Physics lessons suggest. (I have spent a good deal of my life unlearning the lessons of my only term at Physics. One of these was that the best kind of foot-warmer is made of gold.) I can see myself, encloaked in the fumes from my storm-lantern, struggling with a mass of ropes until every bough in sight has cords dangling from it; it will be like Tyburn. The wheel will be gradually sinking down into the mud, which will set round it like cement. The birds will keep away, frightened off by the savage poaching songs I sing as I dig and haul, but the bats will be more venturesome and will delight in swooping between the spokes. Some unclassifiable night-snake will coil itself provocatively round the rim and seem to experience a delicious *frisson* from being scraped by the black wings as they pass.

On I shall struggle, no longer now concerned with preparing a lulling accompaniment to slumber but terrified of being unable to get the thing away. As dawn erodes the night sky I turn my thoughts from removal to destruction. The sturdy carpentry resists the amateurish frenzy of my axe-strokes. I have no gunpowder; we have run out and are waiting for the man to call. Knowing the brook, I see little hope of the structure's being bashed to bits and hurled downstream out of sight. I rush indoors and consult the encyclopædia; but it is mute on the destruction of merry, clacking waterwheels, far muter than on Sardanapulus or Titanium or Burke. The best I can hope for is that when I sit down in despair on some hard wearing bush and weep, the bank-side beasts, ever pushovers for pathos, will use their sharp little

teeth and reduce the wheel into a collection of timbers that they will then use for their nests. The iron can just lie about rusting; it might cure the brook's chronic anaemia.

Relieved that I have discovered the mill-wheel scheme to be impracticable before I have begun bidding about at auctions, I toy with less ambitious schemes for brook embellishment, like getting gramophone records of watery sounds and placing the loud-speaker in the bushes or colouring the stream with logwood chips or using the hose to give things a boost. Then all my planning for the brook's good is swept away. For no apparent reason the waters will suddenly swirl and boil and, for a few minutes, any scheme for pepping up seems an insult to one of Britain's most virile water-courses.

R. G. G. PRICE

PHANTASY ON ICE

WHEN water freezes it expands,
So Nature lovingly commands.
I scarce can bring myself to think
What might occur if it should shrink.

I will, however, briefly note
The fact that ice would cease to float,
But form a crumpled crust instead
Upon the reedy river-bed.

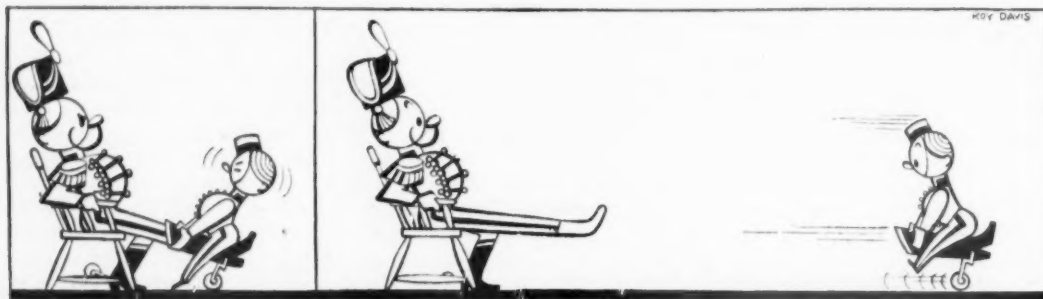
In such conditions I should hate
To curl, or ski, or figure-skate—

Feats difficult to execute
In bathysphere or diving-suit.

And quite as terrible, one feels,
Would be the plight of gelid eels
Cut off abruptly in their prime
Beneath the hard, marmoreal slime.

When water freezes Nature planned
Most wisely that it should expand.
It would be ruinous, I think,
For plumbers if it were to shrink.

E. V. MILNER



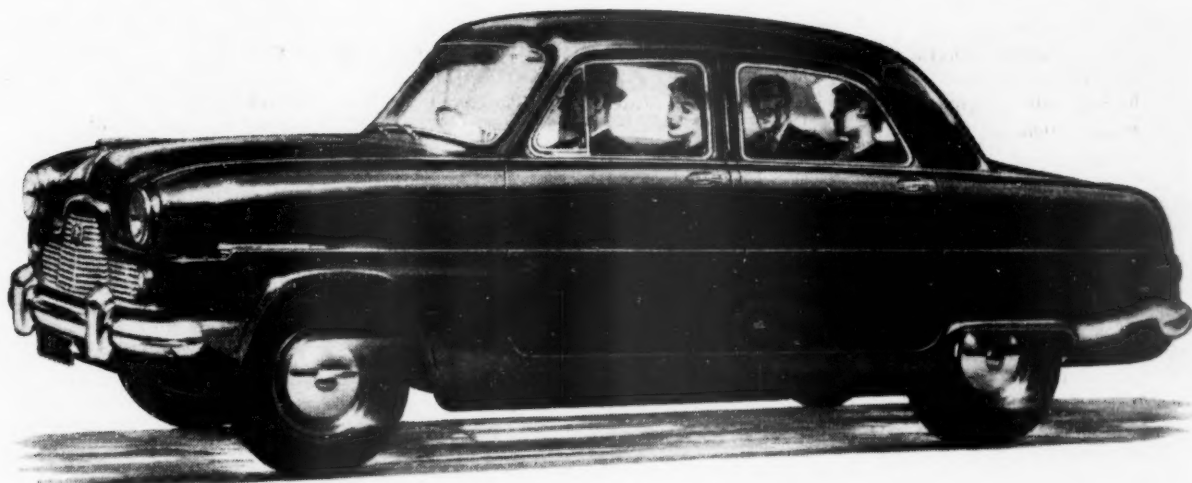
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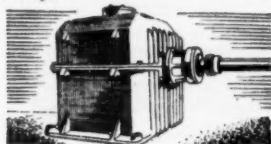
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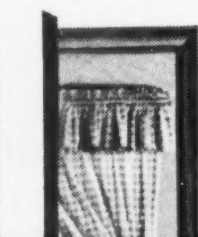
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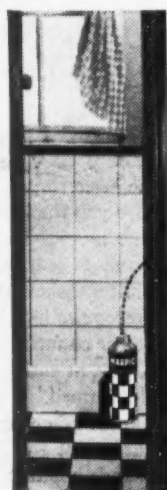
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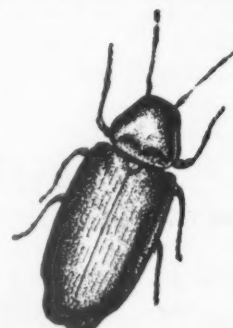
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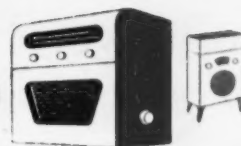
Send for the special booklet "Shaping the needs of Industry", which explains the advantages and possibilities of Royal Doulton Industrial Stoneware; Porous Ceramic Filters, Diffusers and Diaphragms; Laboratory and Technical Porcelain; Electrical Porcelain Insulators; Sanitary Equipment; Stoneware Drainage Materials and Conduits.

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Doulton & Co. Limited, Dept. P6, Doulton House,
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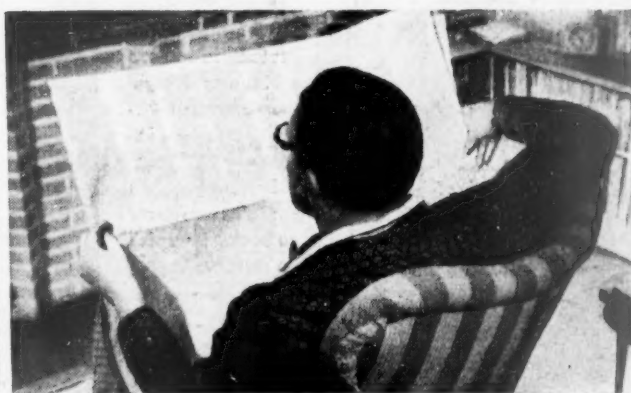
Will you please go and count the number of *different* brands of paint brush used in your Works! And then find a quiet corner and think about the following points. (1) It is much cheaper to buy *one* brand from *one* source at agreed terms. (2) For painting there is no higher quality brush than the Harris Super. (3) There is a Harris paint brush to suit every other industrial job—dusting, cleaning machine parts, etc. (4) The bristles won't come out of a Harris Paint brush. (5) Harris quality in each grade is standardised exactly. Then talk to your local Harris Stockist, or write direct to us: L. G. Harris & Co. Ltd., Stoke Prior, Worcs.

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CRC 131



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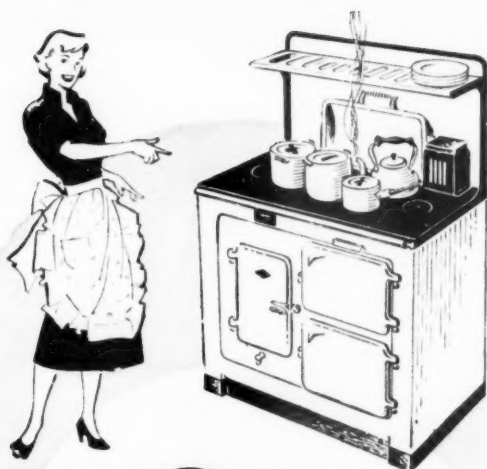
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